SUNDAYS IN COLLEGE CHAPELS

SINCE THE WAR

BY

FRANCIS G. PEABODY

An interpretation for young men and women of the motives and aims of the spiritual life in the light of present-day conditions, written with all the directness, sincerity, and understanding that have made Professor Peabody's previous volumes of College Chapel addresses an inspiration to so many readers.

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THE COLLEGE CHAPEL SERIES

Sermons to Young Men by

Francis Greenwood Peabody

Plummer Professor of Christian Morals
in Harvard University

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BOOKS BY

Francis G. Peabody, D.D.

PUBLISHED BY

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

SUNDAY EVENINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL

MORNINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL: First Series. Short Addresses to Young Men on Personal Religion

MORNINGS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL: Second Series

AFTERNOONS IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL

SUNDAYS IN COLLEGE CHAPELS SINCE THE WAR

The College Chapel Series

VOLUME V

Sundays in College Chapels Since the War

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES
BY FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY
PLUMMER PROFESSOR OF CHRISTIAN
MORALS (EMERITUS)
IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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To CORA

Gently, by night, as though he called her name,
And gave to age and suffering quick release,
An Angel, with averted visage, came
And opened quietly the Gate of Peace.

But soon, as light returns after eclipse,
The Angel, swift returning, on us smiled,
For the dear name was still upon his lips,
And in his arms there lay a little child.

What shall we pray that life may give you, dear;
Child with the searching eyes and rippling hair?
Beauty and strength, increasing year by year,
And her endearing charm whose name you bear.

In the Preface to a fourth volume of Addresses in College Chapels[1] *a pledge was given that it should be the last of the series. Indeed, there seemed no remaining hour of the day which one might use as appropriate for a title, although one encouraging friend playfully suggested "Midnights." The terrific experiences of war, and the not less critical years of national and international reconstruction which have followed, have, however, confronted teachers of religion with a wholly unprecedented challenge. What may have seemed seven years ago in some degree an adequate or timely message, has become in large part as though in the language of another era. Sermons and addresses prepared before the war now appear to their authors little more than relics of the past. The changing social order has involved a changing homiletical emphasis — not to say a new way of approach to the problems of life and duty. At each point of interpretation or exhortation one must now ask himself what new aspect of obligation or opportunity the war has disclosed, and what new warnings the years since the war have given. The horizon of religious thought has become at some points obscured by a new scepticism, and at other*

[1] *"Mornings in the College Chapel," First Series, 1896; "Afternoons in the College Chapel," 1898; "Mornings in the College Chapel," Second Series, 1907; "Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel," 1911.*

points clarified by a new discernment. Sacrifice, suffering, service, the sense of dependence, the consciousness of sin — these perennial themes of Christian teaching — have become illuminated, amplified, or rediscovered by great numbers of anxious or stricken souls, in ways which would have hitherto seemed to them exaggerated or incredible. This tremendous transition, which religion shares with economic, political, and social life, may in some degree justify one more attempt to interpret the motives and aims of the spiritual life to the young people who frequent College Chapels.

There must be added, however, a further and more reassuring consideration. A time of transition, though it may profoundly affect one's way of expression, or weight of emphasis, does not make religion itself less timely or real. Behind the consciousness of change lies the consciousness of continuity. The language of religion may vary, but the nature of religion remains unchanged. The same promises of self-discovery and self-control, the same warnings against materialized desires and intellectual contempt, the same summons, in Dante's phrase, to "eternalize" oneself, the same Way, and Truth, and Life, which have always made the Christian teaching both a paradox and a power, are as timely in an era of reconstruction as in that bygone era before the war which now seems so remote and irrecoverable. No new panacea of social or economic regeneration can supplant the healing power of the religious life. These reflections simplify the preach-

er's task. He is not an innovator or originator; he is a translator, interpreting a timeless message into the dialect of his own time; reaffirming truths which do not change to minds which are changing in attitude and desire. A new world must, after all, be constructed out of the material, shattered and fragmentary as it may be, of which the old world was built; and to take that material just as it lies, amid the ruins of earlier traditions and forms, and to suggest — however imperfectly — what new shapes of strength and beauty it may take; — this is the perennially persuasive, yet continually chastening, problem of the teacher of religion.

Of the earlier volumes in this Series, two were made up of five-minute talks, one of ten-minute addresses, and one of thirty-minute sermons. The present volume contains some of each of these, designed to meet the varied limitations of time and occasion.

CAMBRIDGE, September, 1921.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	THE THINGS THAT CANNOT BE SHAKEN	1
II.	THE PEACE-MAKERS	23
III.	THE GREAT ADVENTURE	49
IV.	THE THREE DIMENSIONS OF LIFE	65
V.	THE SAVING OF THE LOST	86
VI.	THE MAKING OF A MINISTER	102
VII.	THE GOSPEL FOR THE DISCOURAGED	111
VIII.	RELIGION IN A NEW WORLD	119
IX.	A REASONABLE SERVICE	141
X.	THE RUB OF LIFE	148
XI.	SELF-SURRENDER AND SELF-RECOVERY	162
XII.	THE PILGRIM CHARACTER	178
XIII.	A FINISHED LIFE	196
XIV.	THE PRACTICE OF IMMORTALITY	204

Sundays in College Chapels Since the War

I

THE THINGS THAT CANNOT BE SHAKEN

Yet once more I shake, not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.— HEBREWS 12:26, 27.

THIS is the story of an earthquake; and no calamity was more familiar or more terrible to the people whom this writer addressed. For the New Testament comes from an earthquake-country. All up and down the Mediterranean coast the traveller still sees the scars of shocks, and the ruins are sometimes piled one on another where successive catastrophes have occurred. No one who has ever felt a real earthquake can forget it: the frightful suddenness of onset, the strange, slanting, seasick motion, the

shattering of solid walls, the fall of chimneys, the rush of people into the open air. It was said of the last Californian shock that it was as if some huge giant had seized the earth and shaken it in his fist. The whole disaster lasted, they said, but a fraction of a minute, but it seemed as if the trembling would never end. That was the sensation which this writer recalled when he made God say: "Yet once more I shake, not the earth only, but also heaven"; and his readers knew very well just what he meant. Masefield, in his dramatic poem, describes Pilate as confessing this bewildered helplessness when the earth was shaken during the crucifixion of Christ:

> "No man can stand an earthquake. Man can bear
> Tumults of water, and of fire and air;
> But not of earth, man's grave and standing-ground;
> When that begins to heave, the will goes round."

And the New Testament comes, not only from an earthquake-region, but from an earthquake-period, an age of catastrophe and shock in the political, social, and religious world. Empires and dynasties, customs and laws, philosophies and religions, were being shaken as a tree is shaken by a great wind

until its dead branches fall. Egypt had been overwhelmed by Greece; and Greece in its turn by Rome; and at the very centre of this earthquake-zone was the little land of Palestine, shaken both by the power of Greek ideas and by the tramp of Roman legions, until the destruction of Jerusalem was but a symbol of national disruption and decline. On the cross of Jesus Christ was set, we are told, an inscription, "in Hebrew and Greek and Latin." It had to be thus written if it were to be read by the heterogeneous population which passed that way. The country had become a melting-pot of the nations, in which the native stock was being submerged and lost. Not the earth only of their unoffending land had been crushed by foreign armies, but the very heaven of their beloved religion had been rent asunder; and the fragments of Greek and Roman and Jewish faiths lay in a mingled mass waiting for an era of spiritual rebuilding.

Such was the scene which confronted an observer of that time — a world in which still survived something of the splendor of an Augustan age, but which, wherever it was shaken by virile nations or fresh ideas,

crumbled at the touch; an empire which had gained the whole world and had lost its own soul; a world of feverish seekers for new philosophies and religions; a sick, decadent, stricken world, unable to resist the earthquake of the time. "Strong was its arm," said Matthew Arnold —

> "Each thew and bone
> Seemed puissant and alive,
> But ah, its heart, its heart was stone,
> And so it could not thrive."

How, then, should one estimate a world and a time like that? Alarming and disastrous as were the signs of the age, was there anything in them which might reassure one's hope? Could any gain be counted amid the vast losses of an earthquake? That was the problem which met this New Testament writer, and his answer to it is unhesitating and clear. This shaking of earth and heaven, he says, signifies the removing of those things which are shaken, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain. A time of agitation, that is to say, with all its tremors and even its tragedies, is a time of discrimination; a time when one may learn what will stand and what may at any moment fall; a time to dis-

tinguish solidity from flimsiness, firm masonry from cheap construction, the permanent from the transient, reality from pretence, truth from fiction. A terrible experience it must be to live in such a time. The calamity is to be dreaded before it occurs and deplored after it is over; yet it may leave behind it, amid much desolation, the reassuring confidence that there are some things which cannot be removed. There they stand amid the ruins, all the more impressive for their majestic solitude! When the shock is over, people will look about them for the things they had thought indestructible and may find them fallen to the ground; yet with an equal amazement they may find unshattered those things which could not be removed.

No experience of travel is more thrilling than to come on some spot where an earthquake has happened and a temple has been left unharmed. All about are the ruins of the homes which had clustered round the temple-walls, and here and there a fragment or cornice of the shrine itself has been torn away by the shock. But amid the desolation stands the mighty monument, unspoiled, colossal, serene, — the majestic columns of Karnak,

the lonely dignity of Baalbec, the scarred front of Paestum, — the symbol of permanence amid the signs of change, the thing that could not be removed among the things that could be shaken; as though what Ruskin said of the mediæval cathedral-builders were true of an earlier time: "All else for which they sacrificed has passed away. . . . They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honors, and their errors; but they have left us their adoration." Thus it was that this writer could look with an undisturbed composure on the political revolutions and religious transitions which were shaking his country and his time from end to end. For he had found refuge in a faith which was earthquake-proof. "We have," he says, "a kingdom which cannot be shaken." Shattering as the time might be to many a tradition and creed, it was the very time to prove the indestructibility of the religion of Jesus Christ; and with an undiminished hope a thoughtful Christian might survey the spiritual earthquake of his age.

But what would he say to-day? The shaking of the world, just after the Christian era, was severe, but it was limited in area to the

fringes of the Mediterranean Sea. Now, on the other hand, the entire world has been stricken, not alone in its prosperity, its population, and its products; but even more profoundly in its ideals, its hopes, its belief in progress, its faith in God. Not the earth only has been rent by battles and bankruptcy, but the very heaven is still shaking with discontent and despair. Terrible as have been the catastrophes which have overtaken ancient cities and in an instant levelled them to the ground, never was there an earthquake so overwhelming and so prolonged as this. What, then, can be said of such a time? What good can an earthquake do?

There are, it would seem, three ways in which so desolating a calamity may be regarded. One is that of a frank and undisguised despair. This is the end, one may say, of all that the world had thought worth having. Here lie buried the ideals of mankind. Here, as among the ruins of the French cathedrals, is desolation instead of civilization. We are confronted by a world, not of Christian faith and hope and love, but of untamed barbarians and of grasping diplomatists. Statesmanship is bankrupt; religion is

a mockery; Christianity has been tried and has failed. Let us abandon the practices of worship, and declare a *moratorium* on the preaching of the Gospel, and find some underground refuge from the delusions of faith, as villagers on the firing-lines during the war deserted their churches and ran to their cellars when the bombardment began.

Another attitude of mind when an earthquake comes is that of a persistent conservatism. Let us reconstruct things as they were, rebuild the same structure which has just crumbled before our eyes, plaster up the cracks, prop up the walls, revive the semblance of solidity, and cherish the hope that such a shock may not, in our time at least, happen again. People are said to have remarked of the Deluge that it was not likely to be much of a shower. The same trifling optimism fancies that the world which is to issue from the present chaos is to be the old world, with its landmarks of government, social life, and religion standing just as they did before; a *status quo ante bellum*, not of political systems only, but of ideas and ideals, of the reorganization of religion and the conduct of life.

The third, and the New Testament, way

of dealing with such a time, is to accept its discipline and to learn its lesson. Here is a huge, unprecedented, all-comprehending catastrophe; not to be evaded or minimized or explained away. We are surveying the ruins of what had seemed a well-built world! But what then? What next? What is the preliminary task of those who are to rebuild the world on a sure foundation? It is to discriminate between those things which this shaking has laid low and those things which are standing as straight as ever, all the more impressive for their solitude. Never was there such a time for distinguishing the permanent from the transient, the real from the fictitious, the things that cannot be shaken from the things that can be removed.

That was precisely what happened in multitudes of instances under the tragic circumstances of the years of war. As men crouched in the trenches and watched the shaking of the earth and sky, much which they had been taught was infallible and indestructible shrivelled before their minds into insignificance. They were not likely to return to the world which they were defending — if indeed they should return — and to care much for many

of the controversies and problems which once seemed of absorbing interest, and which still engaged the thoughts of the belated occupants of an unchanged world. The claims of Christian sects, the details of Christian creeds, the differences of form and ritual, the subtleties of theological definitions — all this elaborate structure which so many generations of pious scholars had laboriously built, seemed like the great forts of Belgium, which were thought impregnable, but which crumbled at the first attack of modern guns. A vast system of ecclesiastical authority and theological conformity, which had seemed to be the main support of the religious life, proved powerless to restrain men from the most brutal and merciless of crimes.

But what, on the other hand, did it mean that at the same time with this apparent collapse of faith there came from the Front an extraordinary confession of spiritual emancipation, exaltation, and vision; as though the very disaster which had wrecked the accessories of religion had disclosed its indestructibility? What did that young Frenchman mean when he said: "Through this war mankind must be reborn, and is it not my duty

to be reborn first of all?"; or that other young French soldier when he wrote to his mother: "To-night I shall be watching over you, rifle in hand, and you will know Who is watching over me"? What made that young American say: "As I buckled on my gas-mask and trudged into the dark, I never felt so near to God"? What did that young Englishman mean when, just before he went into battle and fell, he wrote of his comrades, many of them rough-tongued and unchurched: "Of the Church in which I believe, they are members whether they know it or not. . . . I shall never be satisfied until the Church of England is the Church of all good men and women in England, and until all the good thoughts and deeds in England are laid at the feet of the Lord of all good life"? It was as if, by the light of the bursting bombs about them, those youths were permitted at last to see the things which no enemy could destroy. Many teachings which they had received might no longer seem to them imperative, but out of much that had been lost they had saved their own souls. The faith they had attained might not satisfy the accepted standards of the Church, but to lose their orthodoxy was not so impor-

tant as to find their Christ. Their theology might be incomplete, but to define God was less essential than to possess Him. It might be an honorable task to watch over one's creed, but was it not a much more steadying experience to know, as the young Frenchman did, Who was watching over him? The shaking of those things which could be removed, startling as it might be, had revealed to them beyond a doubt the things which could not be shaken.

Or recall the extraordinary conversion of that brilliant English author whose writings had not hitherto suggested spiritual insight or sympathy. It may be urged that Mr. Wells's God is inadequate, remote, improvised; it may, indeed, appear unlikely that a brilliant novelist should be suddenly transformed into the prophet of a new religion; yet, after all, what a striking phenomenon it is that the earthquake of war, which dashed to pieces so many of the pillars of the world, should have revealed, to the most unconventional of modernists, a God who is "the invisible King" and "the Key of the heart and of all mankind"! Whatever such a confession may lack of theological precision, what a startling

psychological process it reveals — a great calamity with its fierce destructiveness rebuilding the spiritual life of an emancipated thinker, and assuring him that behind the tragedy of the time is an invisible King! Here may not be the whole of religion, but is it not at least the beginning of it? Here may not be an adequate God; but is not half a God, if He be real, better than none? Here was a world which seemed to have forfeited all right to respect from intelligent people, yet to this free-thinking observer the only key to such a world was the discovery of God! Here was a catastrophe in which no room seemed left for religion, and behold, as it was more intimately interpreted, there was nothing but religion left!

Such was the effect of a spiritual earthquake on those who were nearest to the shock — the dramatic and sudden discovery of the essential things; an indifference — never perhaps to be outgrown — concerning the incidental aspects of religion, and a conviction — never perhaps to be destroyed — that the habitual practice of the presence of God, even amid the trembling of earth and heaven, is the secret of all sanity, consistency, and stability of mind.

And now the question, on which the future of organized religion depends, is whether this missionary lesson of the firing-line can be taken to heart among the not less threatening conditions which confront civilization since the war. Among the grave uncertainties which await the world now that the earthquake is over, one thing at least seems to be certain, — that it is to be a different world from that in which we have thus far lived. New responsibilities for citizens must issue from this vast calamity; new international pledges of disarmament must insure the permanence of peace; new industrial fraternalism must promote economic stability; new achievements of technical skill must lighten the burden of the world. It may even happen that a renaissance of art and a fresh vitality of literature are to spring from the ashes of the world's conflagration. The same reconstruction of foundations, and discrimination of essentials from unessentials, and indifference to usage or tradition, which the world is thus experiencing in its political, industrial, and social life, are with equal certainty — if one may trust the signs of the times — to happen in religion. To anticipate that the world will abandon the

impulses which have expressed themselves in worship is to leave unlearned the lessons of these tragic years. Never has the mind of man turned with such persistency to the thought of God; never have reverence, loyalty, confession, and prayer been more genuine, inevitable, and irrepressible. The extraordinary revival of religious susceptibility which was reported from the Front, and which was reflected in millions of watching, waiting, and praying homes, justifies the assurance that a new era of spiritual vitality is waiting at our doors. Instead of discovering that Christianity has been tried and found wanting, it may be discovered that Christianity has never been fairly tried. Instead of a world submerged by materialism and militarism, it may be that the world will turn away from these seductions with a new repulsion and contempt. Out into the new world may march, at the head of all the newly organized forces which are to reconstruct civilization, the invisible King, to whom a new loyalty is to be pledged, and whose service is to make life rational, sane, and worth the living.

Yet, not less certainly, in the immediate future, there will be a new discrimination in

religion, between the accidental and the essential, the form and the fact, the scaffoldings of man and the building of God. Such a catastrophe as we have witnessed cannot leave things as they were. People may not believe so many things, but they may believe in a few things much more. Reality will count for more than conformity. One real conviction will prove more stable than a score of dictated confessions. As the scaffoldings of faith fall away, the faith that can stand without them will be revealed. As the little controversies which have divided Christians cease, the great ideals which unite them will be more commanding. Truth will be seen in a new perspective, not because its temporary aspects are denied, but because they are set where they belong, in the background of interest; creeds behind character, sects behind service, speculation behind consecration; and in the centre of the foreground of life the spirit of man sustained by God the invisible King, and summoned by Him to the redemption of a waiting world.

Such is the lesson of this vast catastrophe for those who care for religion; and it carries a warning which each communion of the Christian Church should forthwith apply itself to

hear. It is perfectly obvious that the Christian religion at the present time, in a degree unapproached since its entrance into the world, is on trial. Great numbers of thoughtful people had already abandoned it before the earthquake came, as a structure too insecure for them to live in; and now they look at the ruins about them and say: "This is just what we expected! Here is the end of religious consolation and restraint! The ideals of faith have fallen at the first shock. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" It is not less obvious that the Christian Church has not risen to the height of this great emergency. Issues of the past are still preoccupying minds which should be facing the future. Little people are still debating little matters, as Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Sectarian ambitions and contentions are intruding themselves even into the conduct of a great nation, called to a great destiny.

Yet, at the same time, confronting both this abandonment of faith and this misdirected defence of faith, are the still more imposing evidences of the indestructibility of religion, — a renaissance of reverence, a longing for God, an impulse to prayer, a joy

in sacrifice, a glad offering of money, time, life, youth, service for ideal ends. "Never in all history," the leading English journal said of the entrance of the United States into the conflict, "has a great nation been summoned to war on grounds so ideal." The thought of millions of men and women — yes, and of boys and girls — turned, in those hard years, from self-seeking, money-making and frivolity, to heroism, consecration, unselfishness, and submission to a higher Will. A new look was in their eyes, a new purpose in their hearts. Never was there such a disclosure of the interior, subconscious, unexpected capacity for consecration, — alike in the boys who gave their lives and in the parents who gave their boys. What a chance, then, is offered to the Christian Church — and perhaps it is its last chance! — to take this rising tide of human susceptibility at its flood and set it to lift the life of the world, which has been stranded on the shoals of faithlessness, and bid it launch out with a new confidence into the deep! That would be to come like a life-saving crew to a vessel in the breakers. Much might have to be left on the rocks, but what a gallant task it would be to bring the ship

itself, with a crew which was almost ready to desert it, safe to port!

Such is the call of the new world — say, rather, its cry for help — as it turns once more to the Christian Church. To begin again where the theologians were at work in the era now closed, with renewed discussions of conformity and heresy and authority and ritual and ceremonies, and the learned defence of what no man can understand, and the tithing of mint and anise, as the Pharisees were so busily doing that they had not time to welcome Jesus Christ — that would be to lose all contact with the world which is to be, to obstruct the tide of the Spirit which is reaching up into every inlet of the world, and to maintain the Christian Church as a relic of the past, precious to the reactionaries and the sentimentalists alone.

But if, on the other hand, the desire of all Christian communions shall be directed to a new discrimination between the things which cannot be removed and the things which can be shaken; if their teaching, and still more their practice, shall be candidly and quickly given a new kind of proportion and consistency; if they shall speak the language of

the new time and become the effective instruments of judicious service; if their arms shall be opened to all who, in the consciousness of an unstable faith, cry, "Lord, we believe; help thou our unbelief"; if the great word of the Master shall be heard again and become the test of discipleship: "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work"; — if organized religion shall thus take up into itself the fresh consecration and power which the sad years of war inspired, and fortify these spiritual gains by companionship, and develop them through sympathy, — then the golden age of the Christian religion may be sought, not in any Apostolic or mediæval past, but in that new civilization which is to undertake, with a chastened yet resolute will, the reconstruction of the world.

The early Christian disciples believed that the second coming of their Lord would be preceded by an era of tribulation and distress. "The sun," it was written, "shall be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the power of the heavens shall be shaken; and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven. . . .

When ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors." Christian teaching has for many centuries found these majestic sayings hard to understand; but they seem written for to-day. Never was the sun more darkened, never were the powers of heaven more shaken, than in the tribulation of these years. "Nation shall rise against nation," we read, "and kingdom against kingdom, and there shall be famines and pestilences and earthquakes in divers places." "And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars." And, behold, all this has come to pass! But listen to the words that lift these dark sayings into the light: "Take heed," says Jesus, "that no man deceive you; see that ye be not troubled; the end is not yet; all these things must come to pass! He that shall endure to the end, the same shall be saved!" After the days of tribulation, we may believe, shall come — if the world will have it so — the days of revelation; — not, indeed, of a revivified Messiah, but of a tranquillized and spiritualized world. After the earthquake, the earlier Prophet had promised, will come the still small voice; and that still small voice, already heard

across the tumult of the time, is the voice of him who said: "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour. When ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors."

II

THE PEACE-MAKERS

Blessed are the Peace-Makers, for they shall be called the children of God. — MATT. 5:9.

WHEN the momentous news of an armistice in the World-War stirred vociferous multitudes to turbulent rejoicing, they were thrilled by the one overwhelming thought that peace at last had come. The war was at an end, and it must be the last of wars. A huge wave of grateful surprise surged up from the common level of national life and broke into a foam of high emotion. The thanksgiving of millions flashed across the sea, by the wireless telegraphy of the spirit, to those who on land and water and in the air had borne the part of America in the great adventure; and this message could find no better words than the ancient Beatitude: "Blessed are the Peace-Makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

As the tumult and the shouting died, however, one was led to ask himself whether

there was not something premature in this unmeasured self-congratulation. Was the war over when the fighting was done? Was the cessation of bloodshed, however longed-for and welcome, the assurance of an epoch of peace? Were there not enemies still left to meet, and battles to win, as threatening as on the plains of Flanders or the mountains of Italy? Should not one recall Milton's great words in his sonnet to Cromwell:

> "Much remains
> To conquer still. Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than war; new foes arise,
> Threatening to bind our souls"?

No sooner was the armistice secure than it was succeeded by further and bewildering problems of national and international readjustment; and the sense of finality which had suddenly possessed the popular mind was supplanted by a sobering sense of continuity and comprehensiveness. The work of the Peace-Makers, instead of being completed, was seen to be just begun. The new issues which confronted the nations might be less tragic than the decisions of war, but they were likely to be far more subtle and beset by more insidious perils. The celebration of

an armistice was justifiably jubilant, and in millions of homes there was fervent thanksgiving that young men were to be no longer food for shrapnel and bombs; but this conclusion was after all only the beginning of a vast process of conciliation, and the festival was one of anticipation rather than of achievement, of hope rather than of peace.

When one turns with these chastening reflections to the Beatitude which sprang to one's lips as the message of the hour, he finds this larger and saner view of the problem of peace-making impressively anticipated. For who were these blessed, or happy, people who, according to the teaching of Jesus, should be called the children of God? They were not, it must be noticed, the Peace-Lovers, or the Peace-Talkers (εἰρηνικοί) ; they were the Peace-Makers (εἰρηνοποιοί), the constructive agents of tranquillity, the efficient contributors to security, the "mediators of peace," or "they that work peace." Here is quite another kind of blessing from that of peace itself. The Peace-Makers are not merely peaceable. They are not merely celebrating an armistice in war, but committed to a continuous and creative task. They are

not rejoicing in the world as it is, but rebuilding the world as it ought to be. They are concerned, not with congratulation but with construction. That is what makes them "children of God," or gives them "the rank of sons of God." They are having a part in God's creative work. They are the people who, accepting the world as it is, with all its crudity, brutality, and even horror, propose to make a world which has the right to stay. It is a curious fact that the version of the Sermon on the Mount which each German child, under a militaristic system of religious education, must commit to memory, perpetuates a misinterpretation of the Beatitude. "Blessed," he repeats, "are the peaceable," or "those who are inclined to peace" ("Selig sind die Friedfertigen"); as though a sentiment were commended rather than a task enjoined; as though the blessing of Jesus might be claimed for pious declarations rather than reserved for creative actions. A leading commentator, himself a German, corrects the translation. "Not the Peace-Lovers," he says, "but the Peace-Builders, inherit the promise" ("Nicht die Friedfertigen, sondern die Friedestifter").

In fact, when one proceeds from a single phrase of Jesus Christ to recall the dominating purpose of his ministry, it becomes evident that he was far less concerned with the maintenance of external peace than many of his followers and expositors have been inclined to infer. Peace is by no means a conspicuous word in the Synoptic Gospels. It is recorded indeed that the angels sang of peace on earth, but that blessing was conditional upon good-will among men. It is written again that the new teacher should "guide our feet into the way of peace," but that prediction was, first of all, of a way which must be followed before the end could be reached. The great words of the gospel are Righteousness, Love, Life. "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness"; "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself"; "I am come that they may have life." These were the antecedent conditions of peace. Given these, peace would follow; lacking these, peace would be a mockery and sham. Peace, in a word, was not so much a cause to defend as a consequence to anticipate. It was not to be had for the asking or even for the praying; it had to be made; and that

task of peace-making might involve struggle, delay, even defeat.

When one reviews still further the experience of Jesus himself it becomes evident that this creative task was his fundamental aim. For the obvious fact confronts us that Jesus never promised to his followers a world of unbroken peace, and that if he had done so his own experience would have refuted his teaching. Never was a career less peaceful than his, from the day when he fought with temptation in the wilderness to the day when he surrendered himself upon the cross. The Christ of the Gospels was not the non-combative, resigned, anæmic figure which Hebrew tradition and Christian art have conspired to create, but on the contrary the heroic, unflinching, sacrificial Master, whose word was with power and whose symbol of leadership was not a crown but a cross. The same Teacher of whom it was said, "The Lord of peace give you peace always by all means," said of himself, "Suppose ye that I am come to give peace on earth? I tell you, Nay, but rather division"; and again, "I came not to send peace but a sword"; and yet again, "I am come to send fire on the earth."

Nor is this constructive doctrine an isolated teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. On the contrary, the same praise of peace, not as a cause but as a consequence, and the same summons to the creative task of peace-making, is heard both in the earlier Scripture and in the later books of the New Testament. "The work of righteousness," says the Prophet Isaiah, "shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance." Not peace first, that is to say, and as the effect of peace a righteous world; but righteousness first and as the effect of righteousness — to be achieved as all effective righteousness has to be won, by victory over unrighteousness — a peace that is quiet and assured! "The righteous," the same Prophet adds a little later, "... shall enter into peace." Peace, in other words, is a quiet room of which righteousness holds the key. One turns the lock of duty, and enters by that door into peace. Not less impressive are the ancient condemnations of a way of life which reverses this moral chronology, and sets peace before righteousness. Such are they, the Prophet Jeremiah says, who are "given to covetousness ... saying, Peace, peace, when there is

no peace." Such is the disappointment of those who have "sinned against the Lord . . . and looked for peace, but no good came." "They shall seek peace," says Ezekiel, "and there shall be none." Such are "the prophets that make my people err, that bite with their teeth, and cry peace." All these promoters of pacifism were engaged in fruitless enterprises, because they were crying for peace, or seeking peace, while tolerating covetousness, or sinning against the Lord, or biting with their teeth. The Prophet Isaiah sums up this doctrine of moral sequence: "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

When one turns, on the other hand, from the Gospels to the Epistles of the New Testament, the same teaching of peace as the effect of righteousness is heard, like an echo of the Beatitude. "Peace," the Apostle Paul writes, "will be rendered of God to every man that worketh good." "Follow after the things that make for peace." Peace, Paul says again, is the fruit of sacrifice. "Having made peace (εἰρηνηποιήσας) through the blood of his cross." "The fruit of righteousness," says James, "is sown in peace of them that make peace." It is, in other words, not primarily

peace which is to be sought, but the things that make for peace, the goodness that worketh peace, the peace that is the fruit of righteousness. The teaching of Jesus seems to have so wrought itself into the instincts of his followers that they habitually thought, not first of peace itself, but of the making of peace through the more arduous and aggressive process of making a better world. "We look," says the Epistle of Peter, "for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace." To look for peace might be to miss finding the new heavens and the new earth; but to look diligently for the things wherein dwelleth righteousness might be to be found of Him in peace.

Such then seems to be a consistent Biblical teaching, which finds its complete expression in the Beatitude of the Peace-Makers. A tranquillized and stable world is not to descend out of heaven like the New Jerusalem of the Book of Revelation; it must be built up out of the material of the world as it is, on the foundation of personal and social righteousness. Peace, like happiness, is most

likely to be reached when it is not directly sought. It is a by-product of conduct, a consequence of character. To secure it is not an achievement of armies or diplomatists alone. It is a comprehensive and continuous task of political reintegration, of social regeneration, and of moral restoration; and the blessing of Jesus is for those who, confronted by this vast problem of reconstruction, proceed to make out of a shattered world a social order which has the right to permanence. An American woman of genius has designed a bronze group entitled "Peace Victorious." It represents Peace, not as gentle and unresisting, but as masterful and irresistible. Two figures are struggling, and one of them is on his back; while above the contending bodies stands the powerful figure of Peace. He snatches the upper contestant away and holds the two apart, as though he said, "This fight must stop, and stop at once. Which will you have — arbitration or strangulation?" In some such aggressive, victorious way, Peace must arrive, — not in weakness, but in power; not by retreat, but by conquest; not through the decadence of courage, but by the renaissance of justice.

Who then at such a time, are the Peace-Makers? Who are these sons of God, who, after this cyclonic desolation and unprecedented disaster, are laying the foundations of stability? They are, of course, first of all, those who have fought for a righteous cause. The first step toward rebuilding a world is to rid that world of treacherous foundations and toppling ambitions. The ground must be cleared before the building can begin. The first task of the Peace-Maker in a just war is to bring that war to a just close. The historian Tacitus — himself a Roman — in describing the Roman conduct of war, puts into the mouth of the British Prince, Calgacus, this terrific indictment: "Plundering, butchery, pillaging, they call by the false name of world-power; and where they make a desert they call it peace" ("Auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus imperium, atque ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant"). The words might have been written of the German legions which on the same fair fields of Gaul made a desert while they talked of peace. From that illusion of peace by subjugation and terrorism the world is happily set free. The Peace-Makers must be, not those who

make a desert, but those before whom the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

And that is what made those fighting Peace-Makers happy. It is an extraordinary fact that through the long, hard years those who were most deeply involved in the tragedy of the time found themselves lifted into an unanticipated exhilaration and joy! "Happy are the Peace-Makers," says the Beatitude; and that consciousness of having even the humblest part in the making of a world fit to live in gave to millions of gallant youths, not only the power to endure, but a strange contentment and peace of mind. This was the wonderful note which we heard in messages from the front. An American boy wrote to his mother: "This is a dirty, nasty job. There are rats at my feet and shrapnel at my head; but I would not be anywhere else or doing anything else for all the world." An American aviator, dashed to the ground on two successive days, wrote in his diary, "These last weeks are the first time I have ever lived." Happy indeed were they who had thus passed from boyishness, or aimlessness, or selfishness, to the supreme discovery of a man's work to do for something far

greater than himself; from the life of pleasure-makers or dream-makers, to the life of Peace-Makers. Out of the fire of the time they snatched their blessing. Theirs was the Beatitude of the Sons of God.

It must be confessed that the tension of war has been succeeded by a period of moral laxity and social degeneration; and those who can recall the earlier history of the United States assure us that the same humiliating reaction occurred after the Civil War. But was the final outcome of that fratricidal conflict, on the whole, one of national demoralization or decline? Many instances there were of public scandal and private shame; but was not the *morale* of the country, as a whole, quickened and sustained? Slavery no longer tolerated; specie-payments promptly restored; an unprecedented expansion of philanthropy and public service — these results of the war between the States were not marks of national degeneration. Unscrupulous adventurers from the North, it is true, invaded the South after the war; but in far greater numbers, and with vastly greater resources, there marched Southward another army, of teachers and missionaries,

to fortify the white race in their struggle for existence and to train the black race for citizenship. The same general result, it is not unreasonable to hope, may be the final, even if tardily arriving, outcome of the present crisis. Sudden release from discipline, and the exhilaration of victory, have, in many instances, involved loss of restraint, but may it not be anticipated that the total effect of this vast and tragic experience — this real descent into hell which millions have endured — will, in the end, be a sobering and chastening of character, and a lifting of national duty above the level where it was set before the war? A new range of thought, a new vision of service, a new respect for courage, and a new consent to loyalty and sacrifice, have been discovered, and remain to be applied to the redemption of a waiting world. Indeed, it is not inconceivable that many a youth, bringing back from the war his fresh maturity and solemn experience, may come as the missionary of a new social order to the belated stay-at-homes of an unchanged world. Happy indeed will be such Peace-Makers, if they have acquired, not only the strength to fight and kill, but

the not less needed strength to confirm the courage and to direct the reconstruction of the world.

Next to the fighters in the great army of the Peace-Makers come the counsellors. The destroyers of a bad world prepare the way for the master-builders of a new world. And what a summons is here for sagacity, for integrity, for magnanimity! Never in human history was a Divine judgment so sternly visited on ambition, cruelty, and faithlessness; and never was such a need of wisdom and disinterestedness in those who sit in judgment. Convicted the guilty must be, but without rancor; punished, but without bitterness; controlled, but by those who are themselves self-controlled. Peace will not be made until these preliminaries of peace restore the hope of the stricken world. The end of war is not in sight until victory is crowned with the same generous desires which have inspired the free offering of treasure and blood. Happy will be these Peace-Makers who thus rebuild the framework of the world. "The present and all that it holds," said President Wilson, in announcing to Congress the terms of armistice, "belongs to the nations and the

peoples who preserve their self-control and the orderly processes of their governments; the future to those who prove themselves the true friends of mankind. To conquer with arms is to make only a temporary conquest; to conquer the world by earning its esteem is to make permanent conquest. I am confident that the nations that have learned the discipline of freedom and that have settled with self-possession to its ordered practice are now about to make conquest of the world by sheer power of example and of friendly helpfulness."

So far we seem likely to be brought on the way to peace-making. And yet, beyond all the achievements of armies and navies and statesmen, lie the momentous problems of personal and private life, awaiting in their unprecedented complexity the generous service of the Peace-Makers. The vast transformation of industrial life which we are already witnessing; the growth in power and self-respect of the wage-earning majority; the extension of governmental control beyond the most sanguine dreams of revolutionists, and with scarcely a murmur of dissent; the increasing indifference to those details of

religious opinion which have created the sects, and at the same time the deepening sense of a Divine purpose in the world, and the emergence from terrific experiences of suffering and sacrifice of a simplified religious faith — all these undisputable signs of the time point to a new era which calls for a new habit of mind and a new spirit of service. "There is no question," the Bishop of Oxford has lately said, "that the whole of our conception of civilization, the fabric of our civilization — national, international, commercial, and to a very large extent religious, and, almost more than all, educational — had been built up on a basis of selfishness; and it has collapsed." If, then, this new world be met by the old habit and spirit — of industrial contention, of partisan politics, of sectarian religion — what kind of peace will ensue? Will there not be another war to fight, perhaps more disastrous and prolonged than that from which we have just emerged? Is not the fearful Nemesis of anarchy which Russia is at this moment enduring, an inevitable reaction from autocratic control; and does it not have its solemn lessons for those nations which are now nominally at peace? When the

Devil of the battlefield is cast out, may not seven other evil spirits invade an unprepared and complacent world — the devils of rapacious capital, of unscrupulous labor, of class-conflict, of political partisanship, of social laxity, and of religious intolerance, and the last state of civilization be worse than the first? "The future of mankind," John Stuart Mill once said, "will be gravely imperilled if great questions are left to be fought out between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change." What a call is here to the Peace-Makers, in their own vocations and within the circle of their own capacity, to establish on the ruins of an earlier world a social order which has the right to permanence!

Here, for example, are the threatening conditions of our industrial life, which have in them the possibilities of embittered, prolonged, and destructive conflict. What shall prevent that clash of interests which threatens to divide the forces of production into implacable foes? Peace in industry is not to be suddenly attained. It has to be *made* — through prolonged negotiation, through patient experimentation, through fraternal

coöperation. Nothing in business affairs is more depressing to-day than to see an employer or a corporation taken by surprise when industrial war is suddenly declared, and proposing to meet it by a patched-up, improvised, or insincere peace. It is as when in ancient Israel men were "given to covetousness, saying 'Peace, peace,' when there is no peace." Nothing, on the other hand, is more reassuring than any well-considered, forward-looking, declaration of principles — be it of a Labor Party or an employing corporation — any step, however hesitatingly taken, undisguised in intention and based on mutual confidence, — in which peace is to be the effect of righteousness, a consequence of the things which make for peace. Such is the new opportunity offered to the Peace-Makers of the industrial world; and as they work out with discernment and good faith the Divine purpose for the future, they have won their right to the title of the sons of God. "The political mind," a discerning student of the times has recently said, "the legal mind, the historical mind, the religious mind — each will have its own contribution to make to the problem before us — that of diverting the life of

nations from the path of strife to the path of coöperation. But in addition to these we shall need another and perhaps greater contribution from the trained *business mind* of the community. . . . To industry will fall the task of restoring prosperity to a well-nigh ruined world. May we not say, therefore, that it holds the key to the problem?"

Nor is the war of industry the only field of operation for the Peace-Makers. Each undertaking which may secure a healthier or a happier world; each judicious campaign against disease, idleness, crime, or drink; each constructive enterprise for sanitation, education, or recreation; each step in the conservation of those men or women of to-morrow who are children to-day; each comprehensive movement of religious fellowship, caring less for conformity than for consecration, less for the salvation of one's self than for the sanctifying of one's self for others' sakes — each such task of foresight and insight, undertaken without delay, has its place in the great work of peace-making. And here again is the reason why these self-effacing lives, concerned with all these varied forms of social service, are finding themselves, not

only very busy, but, in a new and unanticipated way, happy in their work. They have come to understand the paradox of Christianity. They have found themselves in losing themselves. They are working righteousness and finding peace. They are learning the meaning of the Beatitude, "Happy are the Peace-Makers."

There remains one further aspect of this law of peace-making which brings us still nearer to the heart of Christ. For after all has been said of peace as something to be made, it still remains true that not every one, even with the most eager desire, is qualified to be a Peace-Maker. A nation cannot be a trusted instrument of peace so long as in its national character it does not seek the things which make for peace. A government which tolerated piracy, poison, and plunder cannot at once claim the blessing of the Peace-Makers. Its aims must inevitably be scrutinized and its motives analyzed. Its Peace Offensive must not be permitted to procure an offensive peace. The only nation which can make peace is one whose hands are clean and whose motives are pure. Righteousness not only, as the Book of Proverbs says,

"exalteth a people," but it alone gives to that people the right to become Peace-Makers.

All this which at this very moment is proving so true of nations is not less true of individuals. Only he can give who has. Only he can lend a hand who has an honest hand to lend. Only he can control others who has self-control. The reason why Jesus Christ has become to the world a messenger of peace is not that his life was peaceful, but that through the stormy vicissitudes of his sacrificial career he possessed that peace which he promised to bestow. "My peace I give unto you," he said, but in the same sentence added, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." It was not peace of circumstances which he offered, but peace of mind. The control of circumstances through antecedent self-control made his life, though one of continuous conflict, seem to his followers the life of a Prince of Peace. He did not have peace — he made it; and that making of peace through suffering made him, as the Beatitude says, the Son of God.

It must be the same with the Peace-Makers of the modern world. Not every employer can establish peace with his wage-earners. They

are quick with suspicion, sensitive to affront, conscious of power. Confidence cannot be suddenly grafted on a stock of distrust. Industrial peace must be a growth, not a makeshift. It is the effect of righteousness, the gradually ripening fruit of fraternalism. The primary obstruction to industrial peace is not created by the inevitable conditions of the world of trade, but by misunderstandings, distrust, greed, stupidity. If an embittered class-conflict in industry is not to follow the war of nations, the Peace-Makers of the business world — both employers and employed — must not only lay their plans, but also search their own hearts, without delay. It is the same with the social service of the time. Not every one who wants to help the poor or save the children or lift the fallen, can have the blessedness of efficiency. Leadership is the corollary of life. "When he putteth forth his sheep," it was written of Jesus, "he goeth before, and the sheep follow, for they know his voice." A genuine and sympathetic life does not have to drive; it *draws*. The sheep know the tone of the voice, and follow. The Peace-Possessor becomes the Peace-Maker.

It is the same with the reconstruction of re-

ligion which now awaits the world. We talk much of the Christian unity which is to supplant the lamentable divisions of the Church; and movements and combinations multiply to indicate that the theological Peace-Makers are at work. It must not be forgotten, however, that these well-intentioned enterprises will succeed, not through the nice adjustment of conflicting claims, or the surrender of some truth for the sake of more peace, but through the deliverance of minds from small issues and the recognition of the simplicity which is in Christ. If in these deliberations any taint is perceptible of ecclesiastical ambition, or self-interested diplomacy, or denominational profiteering; if, as in international affairs, the rights of small Powers are ignored and the good of the world identified with the expansion of a single authority, then the end must be like a Prussian victory — not peace, but an armed truce; not unity, but revolution. The ecclesiastics may make a desert and call it peace. The Peace-Makers of the Christian Church, like the heirs of the same promise in politics and trade and social service, must be, first of all, obedient to the heavenly vision of a comprehensive and fraternal faith.

It is, then, with a certain sense of surprise that one is led back — even in these days which seem so absorbed in external events — to the undiminished authority of the life within. The chief difficulty in making peace with the Teutonic Powers was simply that the rest of the world had lost confidence in them. The chief hindrance of peace in industry is simply the sense of wrong. The chief limitation of social service is in proposing to accomplish by machinery what can be done only by life. The first obstruction to religious unity is in the undertaking of a great task by small people. Blessed indeed are the Peace-Makers, but they cannot be those whose motives are improvised or self-interested or half-hearted. The rank of the Sons of God is reserved for those who have something of the perseverance of God. "The wisdom that is from above," said the Apostle James, "is first pure, then peaceable." Not peaceableness first, but purity; not safety first, but service; not an untroubled world, but an unclouded heart — that is the spiritual chronology of a Christian experience. It may not have been an accident that the Beatitude of the Pure in Heart immediately precedes the Beatitude of the

Peace-Makers. The pure in heart, it is written, "see God," even amid the tragedies of war and the not less solemn problems of reconstruction; and that capacity for vision of the Eternal Purpose qualifies them for the further title of Sons of God, which is bestowed upon the Peace-Makers.

III

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia. . . . And he went out, not knowing whither he was going, for he looked for the city which has foundations, whose architect and builder is God. — ACTS 7: 2; HEBREWS 11: 8, 10 (*tr. Weymouth*).

THAT was the first great adventure of religious history — the beginning of that great march of civilization, Westward and ever Westward, until the circle of the globe was closed and West became East once more. It was not less dramatically the beginning of an unending migration of the spirit — from the known to the unknown, from safety to discovery, from superstition to science, from the land of contentment to the Land of Promise. The City of God lay far beyond the horizon of the Mesopotamian plain. A great desert separated Abraham from his great hope. But he ventured out on his gallant march, and to all the generations of his people he became known as "the friend of God." Their God was the "God of Abraham"; — he was their

Path-Finder. He went out, not knowing whither he was going, but looking for the City which has foundations, whose Architect and Builder is God.

One of the most curious and most disheartening aspects of modern religion is a decline in the Spirit of Adventure. Instead of being a discovery, an achievement, a prize, religion has been often commended as a retreat, a rescue, a harbor from storms, a place of rest. On many a church, as on many a railway station, stands the motto "Safety first," and many a worshipper joins with peculiar fervor in the self-protective prayer that he may not "run into any kind of danger." To escape from penalties, to be sheltered from the vicissitudes of life, to find a hiding-place from wrath, or an insurance against fire — such have been the commanding desires of many devout souls.

> "Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
> Till the storm of life is passed;
> Safe into the haven guide;
> Oh, receive my soul at last."

And it is, of course, quite true that such petitions express a deep and genuine need. When a life is storm-driven, rudderless, dere-

lict, then its most appropriate prayer may well be for safety, for shelter, for a quiet harbor. A wrecked life cries for a Life-Saver. A tired life prays for rest. But when one thinks of the natural habit of mind in an undiscouraged and expectant life, then the prayer for resignation, or rescue, or rest, does not seem appropriate or genuine. What this kind of life wants is not "Safety first" any more than a sailor wants most of all to lie snugly in harbor. The seaman wants the adventures of the open sea, and the unterrified, unscathed life craves the adventures of the body or mind or will. It asks, not to be safe from risks, but to be safe among them. It prays not for immunity, but for courage. A heaven of rest is not to this kind of life a persuasive hope; what it wants is a heaven of achievement, or atonement — where things dreamed of here may at last be accomplished, and things marred here by blunders or sins may at last be made whole.

If, then, religion is to deal with life as it really is, it must satisfy, not alone the desire for safety, but not less the spirit of adventure. Comfort and consolation must remain for sick souls; but religion is more than a

medicine, and a Church is more than a hospital. Youth needs reinforcement as well as age, health as well as sickness, hope as reasonably as fear. We hear much discussion just now concerning the indifference of youth to religion; but may it not be that religion has not been made venturesome enough to satisfy the vigorous life of youth? The fact is that a very large area of human experience is dominated by wholesome and rational desires which are interpretable by nothing else than the spirit of adventure. Here, for example, is the secret of that strange delight which healthy-minded people take in sport, in travel, in exploration; or even in stories or dramas of hairbreadth risks, encountered and overcome. All this is the response of human nature to the spirit of adventure. The hard-fought game, the mountain scaled, the storm weathered — these stir the pulse, challenge the pluck, test the nerves. The risk is a part of the joy. To win over odds, to achieve what is hard, to do what has not been done before, even to look on when others dare, or defy, or stand fast — this is not a fictitious or childish delight, but the natural gesture of vitality, health, hope.

The Middle Ages called this spirit of adventure, Chivalry, and the choicest of their young heroes set forth to free imprisoned maidens, or to fight with Saracens. It was the one redeeming aspect of a period of spiritual inertia and decline. The same spirit of adventure met a finer test with the coming of the world-war. Many motives, no doubt, contributed to make millions of young Americans face that ordeal with an extraordinary tranquillity and lofty joy. Their country, their duty, their sympathy for Europe, their faith in God, enlisted them in the service. But intermingled with these high ideals was the persuasion which this startling summons offered to the hitherto unsatisfied desire for a great adventure, a risk worth running, a cause worth dying for, a life that might be full even if it must be short. Young men and young women alike were stirred by this unprecedented call to chivalry, and they went out not knowing whither they were going, but with a happy sense that in all their hardship and sacrifice they were looking for a civilization which had foundations, whose architect and builder was God.

Now, among these vast adventures of

body, mind, and will, what was the impression which these young lives received of religion and its place in the world? The reports that have come, both from men in the trenches and from those who tried to help them, are singularly uniform. On the one hand these young lives were singularly susceptible to religious motives. The daily presence of the great mystery of death, the call to sacrifice, the loyalty to a High Command, — these conditions of the soldier's life stirred him to reverence, resignation, and awe. In moments of crisis or strain his mind was much occupied with God. But, on the other hand, these unsophisticated young minds did not hesitate to express a candid and even a contemptuous indifference for much of the religious teaching which they were called to hear. For these boys had committed themselves to a perilous advance, and religion seemed often offered to them as a safe retreat. "The Church," a discerning English chaplain wrote, "is suspect with the Tommy. Tommy does not care for the man who is 'playing safe.'" They had enlisted for a great adventure; they had gone out, not knowing whither they were going; and they felt no affinity with

a religion of resignation or surrender. The appeal to fear, either now or for the future, was no message for the soldier. The call he heard was to chivalry, courage, loyalty; the finding of self in losing self, the glad obedience to an imperative command.

Among the vast and irreparable losses of the world through the tragedy of war, here was at least one indestructible and permanent gain. Religion might fail to mean what it had seemed before, a promise of safety, a rescue from risk; but it might come to be the full expression of the Great Adventure which the soldier had made for a great cause. That is not the whole of religion. Fortunately for us all, there is a religion of rest, of resignation, of peace. "The effect of righteousness," the Prophet said quite truly, "shall be quietness and assurance forever"; and many a discouraged or defeated life has a right to that hope of quietness after the storms it has had to meet. Just as pious souls in earlier days betook themselves to monasteries and convents to find a refuge from an evil world, so under the same compulsion timid souls may still welcome a religion which rescues them from the perils of the modern world and hides

them in some refuge of faith or Church. But when one turns to the Great Example, and recalls the ministry of Jesus Christ, he finds himself in a wholly different climate of motives and aims. Nothing was farther from that teaching than the maxim: "Safety first." The call of Jesus was not to security but to sacrifice. "He who saves his life shall lose it." "He who loses his life shall find it." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his own cross and follow," — these are the great paradoxes which recur like *motifs* throughout the teaching of the Gospel. Jesus, in a word, summons his followers to a Great Adventure. And when we pass beyond the teaching to the life there is the same quality of chivalry. The most conspicuous trait of the character of Jesus Christ was not its resignation or submission, but its courage. His cross was not the symbol of suffering alone, but of victory. "In this sign, conquer!" were the words that Constantine saw written on the sky. This was the strange, hard way in which peace and joy came to Jesus Christ. It was not in his moments of conscious triumph, but just before the tragedy of the cross, when these resources seemed absolutely

remote, that he was able to say, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," and to pray for his friends that his joy might remain with them, and that their joy might be full.

It is the same with the critical problems which have confronted the United States since the years of war. The nations of Europe are in such dire distress that they look across the ocean for a magnanimous and compassionate friend. What they fear is that this country has had enough of adventure and wants security; that "America first" means national heartlessness, and "Safety first" means national indifference to the tragedy of the world. In short, the choice still set before the United States is between a great adventure and a great refusal; between saving its soul by service and losing its soul by selfishness; between the privilege of chivalry and the fate of a run-away. It is the choice between life and death. Self-satisfied nationalism rebels and irritates its neighbors, and the nation which seems to safeguard its rights forfeits its leadership. That nation only commands the confidence of the world which makes the great adventure, to serve and save.

And why is it that the Religion of Adventure is so persuasive to many a modern life? It is because life itself, with its inevitable contingencies and vicissitudes, is essentially a Great Adventure. Most of us devote a great part of our time to insuring ourselves against the risks of life. We accumulate money, we fortify health, we guard ourselves against uncertainty; we lay our plans for leisure, comfort, old age. Abraham, going out, not knowing whither he was going, seems a grim figure of the past, a rash adventurer in a nomadic age. An assured income, a good digestion, an undisturbed conformity to a venerable creed — what can make one safer than these? And then, one day, this fenced-in, protected life discovers that security cannot be insured by wisdom or purchased by prayer. Disappointment comes and crushes hope, disillusion comes and shatters dreams, sorrow smites the heart, the gales of fate drag one from his moorings, and the life that seemed safe in harbor finds itself suddenly drifting and derelict. From the time of Abraham until now each generation has had to learn that every life is called to go out, not knowing whither it is going; and that none

but the adventurer reaches the Promised Land. One wants to be quiet, to keep things as they are, to enjoy the prosperity of the Mesopotamian Plain; but the obvious fact, written on the experience of life, is that things will not stay as they are, and that happiness flees from those who would hold her in their arms. Life, in short, is what the economists call a hazardous occupation. And there are but two ways to deal with it. One is to pretend that it is safe, to play, to hide, to run away; the other is to take life as it is, to rejoice in it as a Great Adventure, and convert its chances and changes into what the hymn calls "The beautiful vicissitude." The disciples of Jesus wanted to be certain what was to happen to them before they committed themselves to him. "We know not whither thou goest," they said, "and how can we know the way?" But Jesus, even on the last day of his life, does not tell them whither he is going. He only says to them, "I am the way"; and following the way they found, as they went, the larger truth and the more abundant life. That is the only just account of human experience. It is a Way; it is an adventure; and to think of it as anything less is

to miss the meaning of life, as though one lingered in Mesopotamia and missed the Promised Land.

Is there, then, any single word which sums up this spirit of the Great Adventure? It is, in fact, the word which is most habitually on the lips of Christian believers — the great word Faith. But how strangely that word has been perverted in its use! It would almost seem from the language of much theology and tradition that faith meant an assent to certain intellectual propositions, or a conformity to certain established ceremonies. But this is very far from the teaching of the New Testament. Jesus comes to many a life that has no definite theology, still less any association with a church, and says, "Thy faith has saved thee. I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." In short what he was looking for was, not intellectual acceptance but moral loyalty, not Christology but Christianity, not orthodoxy but obedience, not profession but confession, not a creed but a life. The Apostle Paul, repeating his Master's teaching, says, "We walk by faith"; and he means just what he says. Faith is not a way of talking; faith is a way of walking. It is a determination of

the will, a loyalty of the life, a great adventure of the spirit. "By faith," it is written, "Abraham went out, not knowing whither he was going. By faith, he desired a better country, that is a heavenly." He made what a great modern preacher has called "The venture of faith." And so must every one who goes the same way. "The Men of the East," a modern poet has said,

> "May watch the stars
> And signs and seasons mark,
> But the men signed with the cross of Christ,
> Go gaily in the dark!"

To go, gaily, in the dark — that is the evidence of a practical and rational religious faith. Darkness there must be, and much hiding of the Land of Promise behind the Palestinian hills; and one may be sorely tempted to sit down and drop out of the march; but to walk steadily and straight, with the stars to show the way — to go gaily in the dark — that is a Great Adventure, worthy of the best that brain can think or will can do.

And if this is the story of human life, is it possible to take one further step, from the mysteries of personal experience into the still

greater mysteries of the Universe in which we live? May it not be that here is some glimpse of meaning — even if but a passing glimpse — in the imperfections and disorders of the world as a whole? We think of God as the Soul of Order, and each sign of an incomplete or fragmentary world, such as we see in the bewildering chaos of the nations to-day, might appear to be a terrible indictment of any Supreme Purpose of wisdom or love. How can these fierce struggles of men and nations be consistent with any universal plan of order, beneficence, or peace? But suppose that the Divine intention of the human race is not disclosed in any single Fiat, as though God said, "Let there be light," and the light came and stayed; but in a long, slow, patient, dawning process, — through incompleteness, through pain, through reaction — toward that Divine event to which the whole Creation moves; suppose that God's intention for his human children is not security, rest, contentment, but discipline, education, self-mastery; suppose that, as the supreme virtue of man is courage, so the supreme attribute of God is patience; suppose that in this gradual unfolding of God's great design,

science and religion at last may meet, so that, as the familiar verses say,

> "Some call it Evolution
> And others call it God"; —

then, with a new confidence and self-control, one may view the contentions of his own time, where, as the Apostle Paul wrote of his own age, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain, waiting for the manifestation of the Sons of God." In a word, human life is like Abraham's march. There are deserts to cross; there are sterile ranges to scale; there are hunger and thirst to be endured; but beyond the far horizon the great Architect is building his city, where the great adventure of humanity is to find at last its goal. Human life is not so much a creation as a migration; "*Ut migraturus habita*" — Live as on a journey — is the maxim of a well-ordered mind. The prayer, "Thy Kingdom come," is not so much that it shall come to us as that we shall go to it. Each coöperative venture of men or nations, each patient bearing of one's own burden, or helping to bear the burden of the world, each self-conquest or conquest over circumstances, is one step on-

ward in the mighty process of the Education of the Human Race. Each hesitancy or stumbling or retreat halts the march or hides the vision of the city. With a fresh sense of obligation and opportunity, each life takes its place in the ranks as it hears the summons to a Great Adventure. Out into the desert it goes — yes! out, even into the dark — if not gaily, yet with steady step and confident hope; for it is looking for a world which has foundations, whose Architect and Builder is God.

IV

THE THREE DIMENSIONS OF LIFE

And he carried me away in the spirit . . . and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God. . . . The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal. — REV. 21: 10, 16.

THE Book of Revelation is one of those descriptions of an ideal State which, since the time of Sir Thomas More, have been called Utopias. The word means the non-existent country, the Kingdom of Nowhere. On the island which Sir Thomas More named Utopia, there was, he said, a river called the Waterless and a city called the Invisible. A waterless stream flowed by an unseen city through a land which was not there! The story, in short, was that of an unrealized England — an England as it ought to be — told for the sake of the ill-governed England of the author's time. Literary history abounds in these visionary programmes of a better world; and it is a curious fact that these romances are as a rule the forerunners

of some great social change. The evils of the world call for radical reformation, and the first persons to anticipate the coming transition are the dreamers and poets. First comes some fanciful sketch of a Utopia, and then follows a revolution or reform. Imagination outruns statesmanship. The dreamer precedes the schemer. Much which Sir Thomas More described with playful irony has become practical politics in modern England.

The same destiny has befallen the Book of Revelation. Much that the seer prophesied was a reckless application of Old Testament imagery; and the Seven Stars and Seven Candlesticks, the Beasts full of eyes, and the Scarlet Woman, are of significance only to those who find in them the assurance of a second coming of Christ on earth, or a curse on the superstitions of Rome. But intermingled with these bewildering rhapsodies, there are intervals of insight and promises of hope, which have become permanently precious. The Son of man, saying, "I have the keys of death"; the message to the Churches in their varied faults and needs; the promise that God will wipe away all tears, and that he that overcometh shall inherit all things; — what re-

assurance and consolation these sayings have brought to each generation since their utterance! What at one point seems an unrealizable dream — almost a spiritual nightmare — becomes in the next verse an interpretation of sorrow and a programme of peace.

Our text is one of these flashes of insight which make the New Testament Utopia a permanent hope. The new Jerusalem, the Holy City, the Ideal Commonwealth, is described with its walls and gates, in a kind of town-planning scheme. An angel with a golden reed measures it, and the length and the breadth and the height are equal. It is the picture of a symmetrical, well-proportioned, equitably-ordered, social State. The length of the city measures the work that must be done. Down the long street of labor trudges the procession of the workers, and on either side of them rise the warehouses of work. The breadth of the city is the measure of its expansion, recreation, culture, rest, play. Out from the long street of work the worker looks to fields and parks and playgrounds stretching on either side. And the height of the city is the measure of its reverence. Up from the ordinary level of life rise the spires

of worship, the Acropolis of citizenship, the quiet heights to which one may climb for a larger view. And these three dimensions of the Utopian State, the Seer goes on to say, are equal. Work, and rest, and worship; routine, and recreation, and religion; the long day's trudge, and the broad fields of renewal, and the chance for the higher view; — these are all, and on equal terms, the conditions of a stable civilization. When the angel with his golden reed measured the new Jerusalem, this was the way he planned that the better world should grow. No social order, according to the angel, could be secure without this symmetry of parts. Work must be straight, and life must be broad, and vision must be high. Length without breadth leaves life narrow; breadth without height leaves it frivolous; and height tempts to mere cloud-gazing if it does not rise from the long street of duty and the wide plains of thought. The cardinal sin of civilization, in other words, is its disproportionate growth, its life of one dimension. In the Holy City, the Utopia of the soul, the length and breadth and height of life will be equal.

Let us follow the angel with the measuring

reed as he thus lays out the pattern of a Christianized world. The most familiar indictment now heard of modern life is directed against length of work. The long hours, the unremitting strain, the increasing routine, the lack of leisure, make the burden of the complaint of Labor. Up and down the long straight street of toil trudge the workers, with hardly time to glance aside to fields of rest, or to look up to spires of worship. Shorten the hours, then, it is urged, reduce the output, block the long road of work, escape from the monotony of labor, and Utopia is here. When Adam in the Garden of Eden wanted the fruit of the tree of life, God, according to the Book of Genesis, cursed him for that desire, saying, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." The same curse of work, according to the modern revolutionist, still drives the masses of the descendants of Adam away from their Paradise, as with a flaming sword, which turns every way to keep them from the tree of life.

No one can question that there is much in modern life to justify this impression that work still remains the primal curse. The more mechanical and impersonal the processes of

industry become, and the narrower and straighter the street of work stretches away, so much the more will the worker either loiter or lag or rebel. His work seems to him a prison; and escape from work seems his liberty. What a curious irony it is that an organization pledged to evade work, or to destroy the products of work, should assume the title of the Industrial Workers of the World! The fact is, however, that this protest against work altogether misinterprets itself. It thinks it wants less length, when it really wants more breadth and more height. Work in itself is no curse. The greatest calamity for a worker is to be out of work. To have work to do, and to give one's heart to doing it, is one of the most substantial satisfactions of life. The fall of man, as Theodore Parker once said, was a fall upward. But work which has in it nothing but length, work without breadth or height, becomes dull routine or deadening mechanism, of which the only part to be desired is the end. In other words, the Labor Problem of the present time, with all its grave perplexities and ominous controversies, is at bottom nothing but the problem of realizing in some degree the Utopia of the Apocalypse; the

broadening of work by education and recreation, and the lifting of work into loyalty and love. If work remain a dreary trudge, with no outlook to responsibility or upward glance of affection, then work not only will be repulsive, but it ought to be. It makes the worker either the fragment of a man, or a man with a grievance. Each broadening of work by intelligence and initiative, each participation, not in profits only, but in responsibility, each lift of work into a science or an art, each glimpse of liberty and fraternity above the level of work, is a restoration of the symmetry of life, a rediscovery of the just proportions of experience.

And this which is true of the work of the hand is not less true of the work of the head. Many a business man is on the verge of exhaustion, not because he works too hard, but because his work is uninterrupted and unexhilarating. He does not turn aside to the breadth of life or lift his eyes to its height, and so the length of it wearies and enslaves him. He could do more if he added to length of work a broadening of citizenship and a height of idealism. The health and happiness of the tired business man are to be found, not in

abandoning work, but in discovering the three dimensions of life. There can be no permanent stability in the industrial world, either for employer or employed, until they are delivered from the delusion that the less work they do the better off they will be. Economic life, like the new Jerusalem, will be securely built when the angel with the measuring reed can testify that the length and breadth and height of the great design are at last equal.

It is the same with the elaborate structure of politics and legislation which has of late become so conspicuous. On a great or small scale, in cities and commonwealths and nations, the habit has grown of promoting progress and abolishing sin through some new statute or regulation. Poverty, or crime, or intemperance, or disorder increases, and the reformers propose a new law, or an amendment of a law, and the legislature considers a thousand such panaceas and enacts a dozen, and adjourns, and the community draws a sigh of relief. What is the matter with these schemes of social amelioration, which are often so well-intentioned, but so fruitless? The matter is that they are schemes of one dimension, or

are devised by men of one dimension. First, there are the plans which consider length alone. Add new regulations, it is said, multiply restrictions, subtract liberty, prohibit indulgence; — and Utopia is here. A clever American once said that it was easy enough to die for an idea if you had only one idea; and our legislatures abound in lawmakers with one idea, for which they are willing, if not themselves to die, at least for others to suffer. But it soon appears that legislation promoted in the name of one idea, or by the people of one idea, may make a reformer as dangerous as a criminal. The very passion for his own good cause may make him blind to the breadth of truth, and as a consequence unjust, or cruel, or even absurd. The single-track mind, though it run straight and fast, is most in danger of collisions.

Then there is the legislation which is all breadth; so comprehensive and ambitious that it becomes impracticable and visionary. It tries to protect women and may drive them out of trade. It tries to make life insured and may make it dependent. It proposes justice, equality, democracy, or fraternity, but it satisfies itself with phrases, and

loves sentiment more than science. It promises what it cannot perform; it is broad, but thin. The Dean of St. Paul's in London, speaking of the overwhelming taxation of the self-supporting citizen for the relief of the non-supporting, has lately said that, instead of promoting Eugenics, the system tends to discourage thrift and multiply the unfit, until "it reduces Kakogenics to a principle."

And, finally, there is the pathetic spectacle of legislation which is all up in the air. What a humiliating fact it is that the very word Idealist has become in these days a mark of reproach! We hear it said of some eager advocate of a better world that he is gallant and generous, but is unfortunately an Idealist. What the critic means is that the man's ideals have lost contact with reality. He walks with his head in the air, but he stumbles over the facts in his way. The first obligation of the idealist is to "watch his step." Little can be gained by the best of laws if it be a law which will not work. It is of little use for a nation to believe in ideals if it permit other nations to starve. Narrow-minded legislation may be broadened by wisdom; and vague legislation may be corrected by experience;

but visionary legislation deceives the idealist with a sense of superiority and inclines the realist to contempt. In the Utopian State there will be fewer laws enacted, and the sessions of the legislature will be short; for nothing will be proposed which is not at once straight and broad and high, and the length and breadth and height of law will be equal.

The same story might be told of the divisions of opinion and practice which are the shame of the Christian Church. First, there are the followers of the straight road. The turnpike of logic stretches before them and they trudge along it resolutely, however steep the hills may be. That is what they call Orthodoxy — the straight doctrine — and if at any point the long road deflects round some difficult corner, that they call heresy — the choosing for one's self. The highway of theology, the State Road of conformity, may be hilly and unpicturesque, but one can at least see its white railings showing, miles ahead, the way to go.

And then there are the lovers of the byways, the explorers of undiscovered beauty, the wanderers in the open fields. This is what they call Liberalism — the emancipation from

conformity, the truth which makes men free, the right to find one's own way. But this glad escape from the dusty highroad may be the losing of one's way altogether, and what one craved as liberty may mean nothing but a hungry night in a pathless world.

And, finally, there are the religious people who love the heights. Let us build tabernacles there, they say, as the disciples said on the Mount of Transfiguration, and let us stay on that summit of communion and peace. That is what they call Mysticism; and they join the tranquil company of meditative people who care neither for length of creed nor breadth of sympathy, if only they may have the vision from the hills. But just as Orthodoxy may be narrow, and Liberalism may be pathless, so Mysticism may be idle, self-centred, and even blinded by the very brightness of the scene. The Master stood before his friends one day on the hilltop, with his face shining as the sun and his raiment white as the light; but at the mountain's foot the lunatic boy was waiting and the teacher had to go down among the people to do his blessed work. Come out, then, from the highway of conformity, says the Seer of Rev-

elation to the Spirit of Orthodoxy, and discover the breadth and height of religious truth; come in from the satisfactions of vagrancy, he says to the Liberal, and take thy share of the dusty trudge in the common life; come down from the heights of communion, he says to the Mystic, and heal the lunacy of the modern world. The highroad and by-ways and hilltops are all within the horizon of truth; and as one looks across the whole landscape of life he sees that the length and breadth and height of it are equal.

Here, once more, among the varied and multiplying forms of education which solicit the confidence of the present age, is the place and definition of a University. There is one type of education which follows the straight line of the street of life. At the end of it are vocations, industries, practical affairs. Its aim is efficiency, workmanship, production. It learns by doing; its gains are technical; its tests are commercial. It is the application of science to business. It teaches how to do common things in an uncommon way. Then, on either side of this straight road of vocational training, open the vistas of culture, the pleasant fields of literature, the glimpses of

the Beautiful and the True. Out of the narrow street of industry, sunk like a cañon between the high walls of trade, the student is summoned to see the breadth of truth.

This, in the earlier eras of education, was the place assigned to the University. It was a way of retreat from the noise of commerce and the coarseness of handiwork. In the University, one might see things steadily and see them whole. "A true University," James Russell Lowell once playfully said, "is a place where nothing useful can be learned." Here is the issue still hotly joined between the classicists and the modernists, between the claims of culture and the demands of life. Shall a student follow the narrow road of a predestined vocation, or shall he turn aside to the open country of history and language, of philosophy and art? Fortunately, for academic life, we have come to see that no such issue as this can be legitimately raised. Vocations, seriously pursued, open of themselves into the wider learning; cultural studies, followed through, converge on the work of life. Here are not two divisive paths, but one comprehensive plan. Workmanship without culture converts the student into a

machine, a prisoner, a drudge; culture detached from action leaves him a dilettante, an amateur, a looker-on. In a true University, learning and life meet and kiss each other. The length and breadth of its curriculum are equal.

And, then, there is the third dimension — the height to which academic teaching may ascend. "A University," said one of the wisest of administrators, President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, "is a home of idealism. If it were not that, it were better that its walls should crumble in a night." Up from its lecture-rooms and laboratories and libraries, the scholar's mind ascends to higher insight and clearer aims. Out of its routine the student's will is called to visions of duty and desires of prayer. Religion in a University is not extraneous and superimposed; it is the third dimension of the scholar's life. Work and worship are the normal alternations which make his rhythm of motion. The mind that is baffled by the length of truth, or bewildered by its breadth, finds composure and horizon when it ascends the heights. A true University is, of all human institutions, most like the City of God, for, in its plan the length and breadth and height are equal.

This story of industry and politics and theology had, however, for the writer of the Book of Revelation, only a subordinate importance. The real subject of his prophecy was not a scheme of municipal improvement, or a programme of legislation, or even a comprehensive creed, but a way of life. The halls and towers of the City of God were to him symbols of the security and beauty of personal experience, when the Tabernacle of God should be with men and God would be their God and they might be God's sons. The new Jerusalem was but the frame in which was set the picture of a new life. What then, finally, is this kind of character which has three dimensions and whose length and breadth and height are equal?

The first thing which seems essential to life is length. To live seems a matter of duration. The struggle of existence is a struggle to prolong life. The reward of a prudent life is to have more life to live. That was the familiar promise of the Old Testament, "With long life will I satisfy him." "Length of days are in her right hand." Soon, however, there enters into the computation of life another factor. A kind of life is discovered which is

not to be measured by length. Life may be short, but full. Its quality may supplant its quantity. "He being made perfect in a short time," said the Book of Wisdom, "fulfilled a long time." "Youth that is soon perfected condemns the many years of the unrighteous." Here is one of the most precious truths which have been lately learned through the terrific experience of the years of war. We have discovered a new measure of life and a new estimate of death. Those gallant youths who were cut off in early manhood did not seem to those who loved them to have died too soon. They found their lives just when they lost them. Breadth of life for a few short years gave them a content which no length of days could have secured. When the angel with the measuring reed passes judgment on such careers, he will find them fit for the City of God because the length of their life and its breadth were equal.

There remains the third dimension of the well-ordered life. If one were called to name the most conspicuous defect of the habit of mind prevailing in the modern world, he would probably select its loss of reverence; its indifference to the past; its self-satisfaction

and self-confidence; the decadence of humility and teachableness, the contempt of the conventional. All this may be inevitable in the buoyant immaturity of youth, but, if it should become the mark of a whole generation; if history has nothing to teach and God nothing to reveal, then the resulting type of character must become self-assertive, aggressive, bumptious; and lack of reverence will bring with it lack of insight and vision. When one recalls the slow processes of evolution which have gradually made human life different from that of brutes, no gain is more striking than the gift of the upward look. Sheep and cows habitually look down. They are grazing, ruminating animals, with their heads for the most part in the grass. Horses and dogs as a rule look ahead or glance to either side. But man, as he has slowly lifted himself into erectness, has become at the same time an upward-looking animal. It is as natural for him to see the stars as to see the ground. "I will lift up mine eyes," he says, "unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." "Unto Thee lift I up mine eyes, O Thou that dwellest in the heavens." The habit of the upward look

marks the evolution of humanity; the loss of reverence is a reversion to the habits of a quadruped. No human life justifies the erectness with which it is endowed which does not habitually live in the presence of thoughts or persons or purposes to which it must look up, or to which it may from time to time ascend and feel the exhilaration of a dweller in the plain as he climbs the beckoning hills. Not to look ahead is to miss the road of life; not to look aside is to miss its joys; not to look up is to miss the stars.

This is the elementary meaning of worship in a world of work. It is the restoration of the proportions of life. It is the claiming of the birthright of the Upward Look. "Come ye apart," said Jesus to His friends, "and rest awhile. For there were many coming and going." The hour of withdrawal was to Him an hour of renewal. The pause in life gave life its poise. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," He said again, — and said it, not apologetically, but as one who welcomed the responsiveness of a little group of upward-looking disciples,— "there am I in the midst of them." The common life is lifted by the common prayer,

until the length and breadth and height of experience become equal.

Is all this merely a fairy story of an impracticable kind of life? Is the hope of a City of God only a Utopian dream? Is this moral symmetry, even if it be attained, likely to be strained and artificial; so that the poise of life which it creates may become only a pose? On the contrary, this is the normal habit of a reasonable life; — the kind of experience for which human life is made; and all the disproportions and exaggerations of either dimension which we have observed are precisely what make life either dreary or dreamy or dull. To trudge up and down the long street of life, with eyes fixed on its end — that is to be a slave; to abandon length for breadth and satisfy oneself with self-culture and play — that is to remain a child; to be absorbed in the upward look of adoration or meditation — that is to miss what is straight before one's face, and to be, not a saint or a seer, but a visionary and a dreamer. The healthy-minded life is a life of three dimensions. It does not shirk work because it is long, but discovers the height and breadth which may dignify work. It does not abandon

duty for beauty, but makes duty beautiful and conduct reverent. Its worship interprets work. Its eyes are on the stars, but its feet are on the ground. The day is long, but the world is broad. The task is flat, but there is a cheering glimpse of the heights. Troubles are dark, but the upward look catches the light. With a song on its lips this kind of life marches on through the chances and changes of the world; and as it sees afar the better country where there shall be no more crying or pain, and whose length and breadth and height are equal, it may find that Holy City not so strange or distant a Utopia as it had seemed to be. For, even in this world, just as it is, it may hear the Voice which says: "He that overcometh shall inherit these things," and, like one who has at last reached home, it may enter in, through the gate into the City.

V

THE SAVING OF THE LOST

The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. — LUKE 19: 10.

THIS may seem a most inappropriate — not to say an invidious — text to offer to a self-respecting reader. For who are the Lost that are to be sought and saved? Are they not those defiant wrong-doers who should be warned of the awful penalties awaiting them in another world? Is not this a text for a revivalist, speaking to abandoned sinners? What has it to do with happy and healthy young men and women in the normal course of their fortunate lives? Are not souls lost as a ship is lost, in one crashing catastrophe? "We are lost," cry the doomed passengers, as the vessel sinks. Such has been the burden of much theological teaching for many centuries. Fear of the future has been made the primary motive for virtue in this present world.

But does this apprehensive anticipation

represent the habit of mind most urgently desired by the teaching of Jesus? Was he primarily concerned with the possibilities of the future, or rather with the certainties of the present? Was his mission one of theological speculation, or one of religious inspiration? Did the Son of man come to seek and save that which might be lost, or was it rather that which was already lost? These questions lead one, it would seem, more directly to the teaching of the Gospel. For the lost, according to the often-repeated words of Jesus, are not alone the hopelessly bad who have lost their souls, but that much greater number of less vicious people who have simply lost their way. They are lost, not as a ship is lost, but, — Jesus says, — as a sheep is lost, when it cannot find the path back to the fold. They are lost as a traveller is lost in a forest, where he loses, not his hope, but his track, and stumbles through the dark, knowing that his home, though he cannot find it, is somewhere near. In short, the opposite of being lost is being found, and the opposite of perdition is recovery. "I have found my sheep which was lost," is the message of the Gospel; "I have found my piece which was lost"; "What man

of you doth not go after that which was lost until he find it?" In other words, the Christian doctrine of the Lost is not a message of condemnation or despair, but one of reassurance and hope. It is not the story of a fixed destiny, but the story of a wandering will. There is no one who has not been at times a lost soul — the way hidden, the world dark, the mind perplexed, the will astray. Indeed one may be lost to-day, not in terrified apprehension of some future fate, but as one may be lost among the hills, where the fog shuts down and the landmarks are missed, and the sense of direction is gone, and one finds himself walking in a circle instead of on the straight road home.

There is even a finer precision in the teaching of Jesus; for it is not of the Lost as a separate group that he speaks, but of that part of a group, or that part of an individual, which is lost and should be found. What the Son of man seeks is whatever was lost — the lost courage, the lost hope, the lost temper, the lost friendship, the lost opportunity, the abandoned ideal, the subconscious capacity which lies undiscovered or even unsuspected, until the Son of man finds it and draws it out

into efficiency and power. In short, there is here a doctrine of what may be called spiritual conservation; the discovery of the soul by itself; the redemption of life from waste; the seeking and saving of that which had been lost.

When one thus repeats the teaching, it has a very modern sound. For of all the applications of science which mark the present age, the most characteristic and effective is the prevention of waste; the finding of products which had been lost; the varied forms of physical and social conservation. What are called the by-products of industry, the things that were left over in the making of other things, have become, on an enormous scale, serviceable and profitable.[1] In the close competitions of modern business, the difference between gain and loss becomes more and more a question of seeking and saving that which had been lost. A company, for example, is organized to make illuminating gas, and that process is obstructed by the accumulation of coal-tar. When, however, this waste-product is more intelligently examined, it turns

[1] Cf. *Sunday Evenings in the College Chapel*, 1911; 1, "The Great Waste Product."

out that its use in the processes of dyeing becomes as profitable as is the gas of which it was the refuse. Hundreds of the necessities of modern civilization are coal-tar products — medicines, sugars, explosives, even the paving of streets. So it is with many discarded or neglected materials. Rags, husks, seaweed — all have become worth saving; fuel, paper, cloth — all are made of materials which were once thrown away. Mr. Hoover, to whom all Americans turn for counsel, has organized a National Committee of distinguished engineers to make what he calls an Assay of Waste in Industry. The slackening of production has become so alarming that it should be assayed, as one might analyze the decreasing product of a mine. "In 1918," Mr. Hoover says, "with twenty per cent of our manpower withdrawn to the war, we produced twenty per cent more than in 1920." If, he concludes, "we could synchronize our national effort, we could increase production about forty per cent." The Report of this Committee amply justifies this anticipation. Each trade examined exhibits alarming conditions of waste; the building trades, "sixty per cent efficient"; the shoe industry "wast-

ing thirty-five per cent." In the ready-made clothing trade, "it should be easy to save $750,000 a day." "Both employers and employed restrict output." "The waste of idle material is very large."

Here, also, we meet the story of that vast and varied enterprise which is called National Conservation. Rivers and waterfalls had for centuries run to waste; forests had been destroyed; deserts had been thought worthless; until at last the Nation seeks and saves that which had been lost; tames its rivers, irrigates its deserts, utilizes its waterfalls for light and power; rescues for posterity its outraged forests; until thousands of millions of dollars are saved for hundreds of millions of citizens yet unborn.

But what is the most conspicuous form of this unutilized power? Where is the worst of waste, the lost that has not been found? That question was answered in part some years ago by the most distinguished economist in England, in an address to a Congress of Coöperators. The English Coöperative Movement, representing more than a million of workingmen, — or with their families, one tenth of the population of England,—had, Professor Mar-

shall said, "utilized the great waste-product." It was the capacity for business management which great numbers of people, under the ordinary conditions of business, might never suspect that they possessed. The Coöperative System had promoted this discovery of an unutilized stock of leadership and sagacity by giving plain men a chance to rise, so that they had finally come to conduct great business affairs with astonishing success. By this seeking and saving of what had hitherto been lost, their organization had become, as this wise teacher concluded: "The greatest achievement of wage-earners in the history of the world." It is a lesson which sagacious business men are now diligently applying themselves to learn. How to humanize industry; how to transform it from a mechanical process into a fraternal association; how to provide substantial rewards for efficiency and fidelity; how to seek and save the great waste-products of loyalty, initiative, and intelligence— that is not only the most immediate problem of commercial wisdom, but the open secret of industrial stability and peace.

The same loss of good material is to be observed in many forms of academic life, where

gifts remain undiscovered because the individual is subordinated to the system, and the exceptional submerged in the mass. Speaking of education in Oxford and Cambridge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Great Britain said not long ago: "These young men receive all that money can buy, but represent in the main an enormous waste of first-class material, doing nothing at tremendous expense." In short, the next great era in education is to be reached when its aim becomes, as the word itself implies, the drawing-out or e-ducing of personality; the discovery of unutilized capacities in the hiding-places of individual wills; the seeking and saving of resources which have thus far been concealed or lost. In the remarkable address on Progress, made in 1919 by the Dean of St. Paul's in London, he remarked: "Emerson tells us, that 'One accent of the Holy Ghost the heedless world has never lost'"; but, adds Dean Inge, "I should like to know where Emerson obtained this information." The fact, of course, is — and it is one of the most solemn facts of human history — that many an accent of the Holy Ghost has been spoken in vain to a heedless world, has been rejected as illusion, or re-

mained unheard among the noises of the time; and that the fundamental need of any age is a listening ear and a responsive will, that what might be easily lost shall be promptly found.

With what overwhelming force this truth has been taught through the vast experience of the tragic years of war! Within that great disaster there occurred one moral miracle which cannot be recalled without pride and hope. It was the discovery by millions of young lives — farmers, wage-earners, students, idlers — of capacity and energy, of which neither they nor those who loved them best had ever been aware. Some of them had been unconscious of heroic motives, disinclined to sacrifice, drifting with the current of the social stream, and within a few short months one of them was commanding a hundred men, and another was holding the bridge of a Destroyer, and still another was soaring above the clouds, like a young eagle seeking his prey. It was with them, as the English mystic Henry Vaughan wrote nearly three centuries ago. They

> "felt, through all this fleshly dress,
> Bright shoots of everlastingness."

Many a life which had been sheer waste had thus the joy of spiritual conservation. It had at last found itself. Within the life it had been leading, of meaningless routine, there were resources of self-surrender and power waiting to be used; and suddenly, like a century-plant blooming in a single night, the fragrant flower of the heroic life broke into beauty and revealed what those young men were made to be. The most reassuring moral lesson taught by the grim experience of war was this momentous discovery, that young men and women are more ready to do things that are hard than things that are easy; that they can, as the Apostle Paul said, "endure hardness" better than they can endure softness; and the problem of moral reconstruction is nothing else than that of finding purposes of life which are hard enough to challenge the heroic and athletic instincts of youth, and to make of the conflicts and victories of business and politics and personal life, genuine and adequate substitutes for war.

At precisely this point, then, the critical conditions of the present hour are directly met by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. For it is this seeking and saving of the submerged

self, this discovery of oneself to oneself, which was foretold of him and fulfilled in his career. When the aged Simeon held the infant Jesus in his arms, he prophesied that through this child "the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." People would come to him, that is to say, with their thoughts unclarified, their powers half-used, their wills undetermined; and through their intimacy with him, they would become aware of a capacity for decision, a firmness of judgment, a gift for sacrifice, which they had not dreamed was there. That was just what happened to the first followers of Jesus Christ. So far as we know, they were plain, unassuming folk, with hardly a thought of heroism or leadership, contented to be fishermen along the shoals of an inland lake. But Jesus comes to them with his unqualified summons, "Follow me"; "Launch out into the deep," and the same men who had been hesitating and self-distrustful became martyrs for his sake. Even in poor unstable Peter, denying his master, Jesus sees an underlying capacity for loyalty and strength, and says to him, "Thou shalt be called a rock"; and the fickle, shifting nature, more like drifting sand than solid rock,

hardens under the pressure of the confidence of Christ, as sand hardens into stone, and Peter becomes the rock which Jesus foresaw that he could be.

That is what has happened, ever since, as later generations of disciples have heard the same summons, "Follow me"; "Take up thy cross and follow." The first gift of their religion to them has been, not so much a revealing of the mysteries of God, as a revealing of their own thoughts, the emergence of unutilized power, the unlocking of the hiding-places of courage or peace. This is what millions of people have meant by being saved through Jesus Christ. It is not that they have been saved from torment, but that they have been saved from waste. The possibilities of their own nature have been disclosed through their new obedience. Their self-sacrifice has been at the same time their self-discovery. When they were ready to lose their lives, then they were on the way to find their lives. How exquisitely this searching truth is taught in the most perfect of all the parables of Jesus! When the prodigal son came to his father, the first word said of him was that he "came to himself." It was not,

then, himself that had been in the far country of his sin. His true self had been lost; and now his father says of him, — not with rhetorical exaggeration, but as a plain statement of fact, — "This, my son, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

This brings one to the final question. How shall this process of spiritual conservation, this recovery of unutilized resources, this finding of oneself, be reached? Here we come upon a still deeper meaning in the Master's words. For his teaching is not one of exhortation or instruction only, but of inspiration and power. This disclosure of oneself to oneself, it says, is not accomplished by oneself, as an unassisted achievement of one's own will. On the contrary, it has behind it the coöperation of the Higher Will. That which was lost is not only saved from within, but is sought for from without. The Son of man comes, it is written, to seek, as well as to save, what was lost. The lost sheep is sought by the faithful shepherd; the lost son, even while a great way off, is sought by the forgiving father. What seemed a coming to himself was in fact an answer to the father's call. What seemed repentance was in fact home-

sickness. Before the boy ever said, "I will arise and go to my father," his father was seeking to save that which had been lost.

Here, in short, is the meaning of religion, as it first touches the experience of life. It is the supreme discovery that in the struggles and adventures of the spirit, in one's repentances and regrets, in each recovery of the better self, one is not alone, but is sustained by the companionship and reënforcement of a stronger Will. "Lost in God," Emerson says, "in Godhead found." To be lost in God is to find oneself. The finding of the lost is not a moral revolution alone, but a divine revelation. A sentinel at his outpost on the Front might well have been overwhelmed with the sense of solitude and helplessness; but he knew that in fact he was neither unsupported nor alone. Back of him was the coöperating strength of the entire army, and behind that was the commander, with his plan of the whole campaign. Each lonely watcher had his place in the great scheme; each act of personal fidelity counted in the strategic plan. Little did the sentinel know of the greater movement, but his loyalty to the commander kept him steady and serene at his post. "He

knows," said the man at the Front, "he knows"; and then the hardship and danger became simply a part of the day's work because they were part of the larger, even if dimly interpreted, plan.

That habit of mind, wrought into the soldier by the discipline of war, is precisely what Jesus meant by Faith. This is what he desired of his disciples — not consent to an intellectual proposition, not conformity to an established creed, but simply a habit of life, a discipline of will, as of a soldier who trusts his general, and knows that behind him are the reserves of God. It is the taking of one's orders and holding one's place in the line, sure that the Commander knows. And that kind of faith saves what had been lost. Serenity, patience, self-control do not come of themselves. They are called for by the Leader whom we serve. Before we obey Him he is seeking us. Our faith is the answer to His search. Our repentance is His suggestion. Our wills discover what they can do when we pray, "Thy will be done." The Son of man does not come into our common worship to receive our praises or adoration, still less to hear us argue about the mysteries of God or

man. He comes simply to find us as we are, and show us what we might be; to discover the courage hiding behind timidity, and the strength mistaken for weakness, and the knowledge of the Truth waiting to be found through the doing of the Will. He comes among our unfulfilled resolutions, and our incomplete repentances, and our unrealized dreams, to seek that which has been so foolishly wasted, and to save that which has been so recklessly lost.

VI

THE MAKING OF A MINISTER

Arise and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister. — Acts 26: 16.

THERE is a force in this phrase which is not indicated in our Common Version. The word Minister was, in the Greek, originally applied, not to preachers of religion, and not even to service in a household, as in the saying, "He came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister"; but to sailors on a ship, or oarsmen in a boat. The Apostle Paul had spent much of his busy life cruising up and down the Mediterranean coast, sharing the life of seamen; and as he told his story to Agrippa he naturally fell into the language of sailors. He is describing how Christ appeared to him in a vision, calling him to Christian service, and he uses this word, which designated one of a ship's crew. A Roman ship was propelled by oars, each long oar being pulled by a row of men, and the

vessel steered by two long paddles over the stern. Several hundred rowers might be thus ranged in tiers. "Push off," Tennyson's Ulysses says to his companions,

"And sitting well in order, smite the sounding furrows."

A minister was one of these oarsmen. Indeed, the word distinguished him from the captain or mate, on a ship. He was what we should call a foremast-hand, he had shipped before the mast. The sailor did not give orders; he simply smote the furrows with the rest.

The word may be applied in the first place, as is usual, to the profession which is entitled the Ministry. A minister, under this definition, is not so much one who preaches as one who pulls. He is one of the crew, taking his place at the oar, putting his back into the work. The Christian ministry is not composed of a body of officials, giving advice, as it were, from the shore; it is a ship's company, bending to a common task. The Christian Church is not a snug harbor, where people are safe from the storms of life, but a vessel on the high seas, under the momentum of its crew. When a wreck happens on the coast in our

day, the life-saving crew does not try to rescue the passengers by shouting to them from the land. The crew launches its boat and pushes out through the surf. They "arise and stand on their feet," for God has appeared unto them for this purpose, to make them ministers.

Here is certainly a picture which suggests a more masculine and heroic habit of life than is generally regarded as appropriate for the Christian ministry. It was not, however, of any special class of priests or preachers that the Apostle was writing. There were no orders of clergy in the primitive Church. The first disciples were laymen, going about their business of fishing or tax-gathering. The ministry, as Paul commended it, comprehended a much larger company than any professional group. God had appeared unto disciples of Jesus, as unprepared as Paul confessed himself to be, to make them ministers. Such a teaching, then, implies several principles of conduct. In the first place it accepts the test of efficiency. One of the most misleading misconceptions of religion is to fancy it a passive, languid, inefficient experience; good, but not good for much; saving

one's own soul, but incapable of saving other souls; watching the storms of life from the shores of safety instead of launching out into the deep. The first evidence of rational religion is, on the contrary, the gift of enlarged efficiency, a new sense of capacity, the ability, as oarsmen say, to pull one's weight. The religious life is not an æsthetic, but an athletic experience. "He saved others, himself he cannot save"; "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it"; — these are the great words which stir the wills of those to whom nothing can be commanding that is not generous, athletic, and free. The healthy-minded life is not inclined to lie in a land-locked harbor; it craves the adventures of the open sea. It welcomes the summons which comes, not to pray alone, or preach, but to pull. It wants to save, not its own life out of a wrecked world, but the world itself. Arise, says Jesus, and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee an oarsman in a life-saving crew.

A further condition of this efficiency is co-operation. Ministers, whether preachers or laymen, should not only pull, but pull to-

gether. Efficiency in a crew depends on keeping stroke. Nothing is more ludicrous than to see a party of landlubbers in a boat, where each is rowing as he may please. There is much floundering, but little progress. The same ludicrous and often dangerous practice may be witnessed in the Christian Church. The harder its clumsy oarsmen pull, the greater may be the risk of capsizing the boat. What we call Christian unity is, therefore, simply getting together in the stroke; the saving of wasted effort; the momentum of a coöperative consecration. The Devil, it has been said, laughs at a divided Church. He has a right to laugh when Christians in the same boat are pulling different ways and neutralizing their power. "From heresy and schism," people pray, "good Lord, deliver us." Yes, and from stupidity and self-sufficiency, from obstinacy and self-conceit, from pretence of being captain when one is only an oarsman, — good Lord deliver us! In the Roman ship the captain stood on a high bridge above the crew, and by his voice or by a trumpet gave time for the oarsmen below. That is what Jesus Christ does for Christians. "Get together," he says. The secret of pro-

pulsion for organized Christianity is in the rhythm of stroke attained by those who obey the Captain's high command.

And this means, still further, discipline. If one be rowing by himself, and for his own amusement, he may be as lazy and careless as he please. It is as reasonable for him to drift as it is to pull. But if one has enlisted as a member of the crew, he must accept discipline and go into training. His efficiency depends on the patience and intelligence of his loyalty. One cannot be a disciple of Jesus Christ casually, intermittently, or feverishly. One has to surrender both self-assertion and self-indulgence, if he wants to row on a crew. Obedience, restraint, and discipline become a part of the joy. A few years ago the boat-crews of Harvard and Cornell Universities raced at Boston; and the Cornell crew, which was behind most of the way, came to the front just at the finish. The stroke-oar of that crew is reported to have said, after the race, that halfway down the course he found that his boat was "checking." She did not, that is to say, run smoothly, with unbroken speed. The backward pull of eight lusty men forced the boat forward, and then

their forward reach broke the continuity of motion, and "checked" the boat. The quicker the stroke became the more this reaction resulted, until as the effort grew greater the speed grew less. This stroke-oar, therefore, though he was falling behind, lowered his stroke instead of quickening it, until the rhythm became perfect and he felt the boat sliding steadily; and then called for a spurt. What seemed to retard was in reality to insure a gain. The slowing up of the strain permitted increase of momentum. Self-restraint was the secret of victory. It is a wholesome parable for a nervous and unrestrained civilization. More haste may be worse speed. Patience, Disraeli once said, is an ingredient of genius. "Why so hot, little man?" said Emerson. In the competitions of life one may, as oarsmen say, rush his slide and check his boat. The immediate problem of duty may sometimes be to lower the stroke of life so that it may move more smoothly; to win by reserve of power, and accomplish by restraint.

Such are the conditions of training for that self-effacing service which may make one, whether by profession or by vocation, a Minister. The Christian life is not a soft and

sheltered experience. Its satisfactions are, on the contrary, to be found, as the Apostle Paul said, in "enduring hardness" and "bearing one another's burdens." "For their sakes I sanctify myself" were perhaps the most characteristic and self-revealing words recorded of Jesus Christ. Saintliness, to him, could not be achieved alone. "There is no such thing," Mazzini said, "as a solitary Christian." The saint is not a self-centred recluse in his cell, but is sanctified for others' sakes, that they also may be sanctified through the same common task. It is as the Duke said in "Measure for Measure":

> "Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
> As if we had them not."

To commit oneself, even with grave self-distrust, to this kind of discipleship — efficient, coöperative and disciplined — is at last to go into training for the Christian Ministry. One may have hard lessons to learn, and may make many blunders; but when the real test is met, and the race of life is over, one may at least be able to "stand on his feet" and say, "I did my part at the

oar; I rowed my own stroke through; the momentum of the common cause was not checked through me; I accomplished, not my own will, but the will of Him that sent me; I was not disobedient unto the vision of my Master, who appeared unto me to make me a minister."

VII

THE GOSPEL FOR THE DISCOURAGED

A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory. — MATT. 12:20. IS. 42:3.

THIS is a Gospel for the discouraged; a message to people who try and seem to fail. The bruised reed is to be mended; the lamp that flickers is to be kept alight. That is good news for all — for who is there that does not have to recall blunders, accidents, mishaps or sins which seemed to break his courage or extinguish his hope? He has tried to keep his temper and has lost it; he meant to be generous and remains selfish; he hoped to outgrow his faults and they grow more fixed. Shall he not give up the struggle, and confess himself a failure, a misfit, a disappointment to himself and his friends?

The message, however, grows more definite as one examines it more closely. The bruised reed is often thought to be a slender staff

which breaks under one's weight. Thus Whittier writes:

> "The bruisèd reed he will not break,
> But strengthen and sustain."

The picture which the Prophet Isaiah draws, and which the Gospel reproduces, is altogether different. In fact a hollow reed could never be a good staff to lean on, even if it were not bruised. The scene which is, in fact, imagined is of a wandering shepherd looking about him, as he strolls along with his flock, for a reed on which he may play his modest strain. He picks up one stalk by the brook-side, and finds it bent or crushed. Impatiently he breaks it and throws away the fragments, while his eyes search for a better instrument. Then, as a part of the same parable, the Prophet pictures a woman among her household lamps. The wick which she lights smoulders and smokes, and she blows it out and takes another by its side which needs no trimming. Not so, says the Prophet, is it with the Good Shepherd, the Wise Householder. The good shepherd finds his pleasure in making a melodious pipe out of a crooked reed; the wise householder tends

the languishing flame until it gives light unto all that are in the house. The utilization of the imperfect instrument is the shepherd's joy; the trimming of the smouldering wick is the householder's pride. To convert the bruised reed into music and the smoking flax into flame is more inviting than to use the best and throw the failures away. Not the glorification of the perfect, but the restoration of the imperfect, is the desire of Jesus. Not the survival of the fit, but the revival of the unfit, is the Christian law. The Master comes, not to select the lives that are straight, or to hold high the lives that shine, but to save those that are bruised by the storms of life, or smoulder under the weight of care. That is the Gospel for the discouraged.

A life takes up its duties and problems, and is smitten with this sense of incompetency and unpreparedness. How are music and beauty, it asks, to be got out of a life like mine? I have fallen and am broken; I have sinned and am bruised. The world has no time to mend me. There are plenty of straight reeds growing by my side. The bruised reed must be thrown down on the river's bank,

where the spring-floods will sweep it away. Out of the multitude of swaying stalks, the strongest and straightest may breathe a strain of music, while the thousands of drooping stems are left to decay. But along comes the Good Shepherd, not in haste, not preoccupied with greater tasks, but finding pleasure in utilizing the unserviceable, and discovering music in the silent reed. Gently he straightens its fibres; lovingly he notes the curved or twisted form which may bring out an unfamiliar note; and at the end of the day he says to his Lord: "See what I have made of this crooked stick. Listen to the music of this bruised reed."

It is the same with the smoking flax. A modern life hears the brave words of Jesus to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world"; "Let your light shine before men," and recalls the earlier promise, "The path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Then it turns to its own experience, and what an unsteady, unilluminating, smoking lamp it finds! It has wasted its flame and exhausted its oil. At one moment it has flared up into emotion, at another moment it has sunk into soot.

The only parable which seems to have personal significance is that of the poor, thoughtless girls, who cried, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out." Then comes the patient householder and trims the wick; coming, not to destroy but to fulfil; sure that the inherent capacity for illumination is still there, and that all which is needed is cleansing. The life that seemed ineffective and obscure is lit up again with a new sense of power, and finds not only light upon its own way, but light to show the way to others who are still groping in the dark.

All this might seem at first sight a gospel for the old. Is it not they who grow tired and disillusioned? They look back on much attempted and little done. Have they not a right to be discouraged, with themselves and with the world? But, curiously enough, age brings with it, as a rule, not acute despondency, but a certain tranquillity of mind. The work of life, however inadequately done, is at least done with. One has got through, even if he has blundered through. The dreams of youth are irrecoverable; and so one outgrows discouragement by losing courage. "It is enough," says the old Elijah, "Lord, take

away my life." Browning's Ben Ezra was an old Rabbi, when he said:

> "What I aspired to be,
> And was not, comforts me."

He was comforted in old age by that which he had desired to be, but had not been. It was better, he said, that age, "exempt from strife, should know, than tempt further." With young people, on the other hand, discouragement grows out of the very growth of hope. If nothing is too great to expect, then all achievement seems necessarily small. Discouragement is thus the corollary of anticipation. The rays of morn were, as Lowell said, on their white shields of expectation, but, in the battle of life, these white shields were soon soiled. Instead of being a great scholar, one becomes, as Newton said he was, a child gathering shells by the ocean of the unknown. Instead of composing a symphony, one finds he must play his modest tune on a bruised reed. Instead of setting the world aflame, it is as much as he can do to keep his little wick from going out. St. Thomas Aquinas discriminated between what he called "Studiositas" and what he called "Curiositas." Studiosity

was the controlled intention to learn what was within one's reach; Curiosity was the passion to know everything. Studiosity involves intellectual restraint; Curiosity leads to intellectual intemperance. Studiosity ends in humility; Curiosity ends in discouragement. It was a deep discernment of the nature of youth which made the Apostle write, "Parents, provoke not your children, lest they be discouraged." Many a parent has disciplined a child by "taking down" its self-conceit, when what the child really needed was to be lifted up from self-distrust.

And here is, perhaps, the deeper meaning of that phrase with which this passage ends: "Until he send forth judgment unto victory." The judgment of others is often unjust to the discouraged life, but the judgment of such lives on themselves is even more paralyzing. Nothing is harder to face than the conviction that one has failed. More crushing than mistakes or sins is the sense of helplessness. The bruised reed sinks down into the grass. The flax ceases even to smoke. Then comes the reassuring word of a wiser and saner mind. A friend, a teacher, a companion, rediscovers the capacity, persistency, and reactionary

power which had seemed lost, and sends forth judgment to victory. That, according to this passage, is the restoration of self-respect which one gets through religion. The people who turned to Jesus Christ found themselves, not flattered or overestimated, but believed in. Taking them just as they were, Jesus discovered, in what seemed their weakness and insufficiency, the possibilities of effectiveness and strength. The disciples say, "Increase our faith," and Jesus answers that the little they already have is enough to remove mountains. The centurion has nothing but a soldier's discipline to offer, but Jesus sees in this alone the germ of a full discipleship, and says, "I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel." Thus, from life to life the teacher goes, and gives confidence to each because each has confidence in him. The bruised reed may not breathe a perfect strain, but it is not without its hidden music; the flax may not burn in a pure flame, but it may give light enough to show the way. The message of religion to the discouraged is of the revival of their power. Self-distrust is forgotten in self-sacrifice, and judgment is sent forth to victory.

VIII

RELIGION IN A NEW WORLD

The former things are passed away and He that sat upon the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new." — Rev. 21: 4, 5.

THIS is a part of the last prophecy of the last book of the New Testament. The effect of the Christian religion upon the world was to be this — that the former things were to pass away and all things were to be made new. And certainly no prophecy in history was ever more completely or more dramatically fulfilled. On the one hand was a remote Jewish sect, a crucified leader, a little group of unimportant disciples; and, on the other hand, was the power of Rome, the wisdom of Greece, the fixity of Hebrew religion; and within a few generations the insignificant and obscure had become the central force of the Western world, and Roman imperialism, Greek culture, and Hebrew religion were the servants and instruments of the Christian faith. What had seemed most

indestructible in the former things had passed away, and he that sat upon the throne had made all things new. A Roman Emperor, recalling the influence of a Hebrew peasant, cried, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered."

We have reached another point in history when, as never in the two thousand years since this ancient prophecy was written, it seems likely to be fulfilled again. Out of the vast catastrophe which has afflicted the human race there are already emerging tremendous and unprecedented changes which are greeted by some observers with the gravest apprehension, and by some with the most buoyant hope. The former things, of secret diplomacy, of arrogant militarism, of political or industrial autocracy, of social or racial discrimination, have passed away, and he that sitteth on the throne saith: "Behold, I make all things new."

It may, indeed, be at once suggested that the world which is emerging from the tragedy of war is not to be so new in type or demand as was at first anticipated. Has not the exaltation of spirit which the war induced been already succeeded by a reversion to the old world, or something worse? Has not the wave

of idealism on which we were lifted subsided into the hollow of the past? Has not human nature turned out to be much what it was before — grasping, plotting, bargaining, and fighting, rather than ennobled, generous, magnanimous, and wise? A distinguished economist has gone so far as to say, "If there is any one who has learned something from the war, or acquired a new perspective, I have not met him, nor has his voice been heard," and a Canadian professor has remarked of the United States, "Your country is going straight to hell, and you are so big and so fat that you do not know it."

These confessions and indictments may well moderate the glow of anticipation with which we had hoped to carry over the high emotions of war into the not less critical problems of peace. Our national idealism has suffered a kind of shell-shock, which has its consequence in despondency or despair. Yet it must have been an unusually sheltered person who has learned nothing from the war. The truth would seem to be that the external structure of the world has been abruptly and profoundly shaken, and that the adjustment of thought and life to that new world has not

yet been made. Indeed, it is not so much a new order of the world which confronts us as a new disorder; a disruption of earlier conditions, a confusion of methods, a chaos of schemes. Civilization, as Matthew Arnold said of his time, is

> "Wandering between two worlds,
> One dead, the other powerless to be born."

One of the most discerning of English men of science, Sir William Osler, said in 1919, "There must be a different civilization, or there will be no civilization at all."

What, then, has religion to offer for the guidance of so troubled a time? What chance has it to mould the new world, and rescue it from disruption and decline?

One must approach an answer to these questions by confessing that the conditions of the present time seem to put a strain on religious conviction and instruction which they have hardly ever been called to bear; and that the Christian Church, in that broad sense of the word which includes the entire body of organized faith, is likely to have for a while a hard time in maintaining its traditional place in the modern world. A distin-

guished Anglican has lately said: "It is probable that the twentieth century will be the most difficult and dangerous time since the downfall of the Roman Empire." What is thus said of civilization may be not less confidently prophesied of the Church. It is facing a very difficult and dangerous time. It is now about fifty years since the increasing alienation of great numbers of thoughtful people from organized religion became distinctly perceptible among the Protestant churches. The slackening of church attendance, the use of Sunday for work or play, the detachment of mind from the whole subject of religion, became familiar in every community; and in spite of great activity within the churches, in spite of munificent giving and the added resources of sociability and entertainment, the administration of religion found itself pulling against the current of the time. The word "Agnostic" was coined to describe the condition of mind prevailing among many educated men. They wished well to religion; they might accept its ministries at times of marriage or death; but they could not take sides with religion against other views of life. Huxley wrote to Charles Kingsley, "All young men of science

regard orthodoxy as you do Brahmanism," and a very distinguished man of science, in a conversation about religion, remarked, "You know, we simply do not think of these things at all." Chaplain Moody, on returning from foreign service, told of the obituary notice of an English Squire of the mid-Victorian period, which announced: "He was not a religious man, but in all other respects he was an ideal Churchman."

Such was the attitude of benevolent neutrality toward religion which prevailed a generation ago. This condescending habit was, however, given a great shock, and was supplanted by quite a different state of mind, through the terrific events of war. The creed of agnosticism no longer satisfied those who were confronted every day by the supreme incidents of life and death. The nearness of God; the call to sacrifice; the finding of life in losing it; — these convictions, wrought out of observation and reflection, brought with them a new interest in religion. The soldier, in his own unsophisticated, and often irreverent, way, turned theologian. Very crude and elementary this resurgence of the soul might be, but it was at least genuine, and sufficiently

effective to convert common men, not indeed into saints, but at least into heroes. Here is the way an English Tommy might talk; and he must be deaf to the tones of the spirit if he cannot detect them in these rough words:

"It ain't as I thinks 'E'll keep me safe
While the other blokes goes down,
And it ain't as I wants to leave this earth
And wear an 'ero's crown.
It ain't for that as I says my prayers
When I goes to the attack;
But I pray that whatever comes my way,
I may never turn my back.
I leaves the matter o' life and death
To the Lord as knows what's best,
And I pray that I still may play the man
Whether *I* turns East or West.
I'd sooner that it were East, ye know,
To Blighty and my gal Sue.
I'd sooner be there, wi' the sun in 'er 'air,
And the summer skies all blue.
But grant me, God, to do my bit,
And then, if I must turn West,
I'll be unashamed when my name is named,
And I'll find a soldier's rest."

Yet, on the other hand, these candid critics did not hesitate to express an undisguised and often contemptuous indifference for many teachings and practices of the Christian Church. A chaplain or exhorter who carried to the cantonments or trenches a technical,

theological, or ecclesiastical message soon found himself addressing the backs of a retiring congregation. The controversies of the sects, the claims of the sacraments, the call to the unconverted — these traditional appeals of the churches at home became wasted oratory where life had grown so dramatic and intense, and fell like unexploding shells among untouched lives. An English chaplain said: "The men seem to have got religion, but they have not got our religion." On the one hand was a prevailing spiritual exhilaration, but on the other hand was a not less conspicuous neutrality or contempt. Theology seemed far away, but God very near. "Christ," one soldier said, "was splendid while he was here on earth, but he has retired to headquarters, well behind the lines." It was the Christ of the theologian that had retired to headquarters, while the Christ of the cross was a daily companion in the trench. The muddy soldier, tramping through a desolate village, saw that pitying figure on its unshattered cross, and it seemed to him the only sufficient symbol of that willing sacrifice which the soldier himself was offering. Such was the paradoxical situation

which the war created — a religion which was intensely real, but must be uncomplicated and unembarrassed; a contrast, as an English Padre said, "between the heights to which men rise in the pursuit of duty, and the cold, calculating profession of Christianity which form so large a part of the religion of the Church; a contrast between the pusillanimous caution with which Churchmen have been accustomed to face great problems, and the stern grip of reality which sets its face to take Bapaume or Messines; a contrast of flabby irresolution compared with the unselfconscious heroism of our fighting-men, who talk little about their ideals and gloriously fulfil them."

This contrast soon attracted the attention of many competent observers of the time. One of the most discerning of Oxford scholars, Professor Percy Gardner, did not hesitate to say that "The war has made clear how much our intellectual position in the matter of religion needed revision, and how little real hold the conventional and traditional Christianity has on the mind of the people." To the same effect, the Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Henson, has said: "The rift between the best

conscience and intelligence of the modern world and the churches widens daily. Can the Christian society regain the supremacy that is essential to its life?" Yet again, in the notable volume, "The Army and Religion," it is affirmed, "Initiative, reform, and revolution more and more pass out of the churches, and what was a fissure widens into a gulf"; and yet again, in a volume of candid Essays, it is asked: "What are the prospects for the future religion of England? If we are to judge by the churchgoing or professed Christianity of the army, none but a blind and willful optimist can deny that the prospects are gloomy in the extreme."

In such a situation, then, so unprecedented and dramatic — a new world, not merely of political and economic life, but of spiritual experience — how shall religion meet the challenge of the time? The first way which suggests itself, in religion as in politics, is to set the world back where it was before the war, to restore a *status quo ante bellum*, to reaffirm traditional definitions or reëstablish the ritual of the Church. This way of readjustment has been encouraged by the spiritual susceptibility of the time, which has led some natures

to seek tangible supports of faith. The terrific uncertainty of each passing hour, and the unfathomable problems of life and death suddenly thrust on unprepared minds, have encouraged a belief in the miraculous or magical or visionary. The Virgin Mary has been seen by soldiers on the battle field; dead soldiers have talked with their mourning friends; the cults of Theosophy, Second Adventism, and Reincarnation have found new acceptance; the tipping of tables and the trances of mediums have seemed convincing revelations of a life after death. All this testifies to the tremendous and abnormal strain which has been endured. It is a reaction of hunger and wonder, a cry for help. The normal state of mind produced by this solemn experience is, however, of an opposite type — a demand not for a magical but for a rational religion, a recoil from all that seems abstract or unintelligible, and a welcome for whatever seems verifiable and sure; a complete indifference to much which has been expounded as the essence of religion, and at the same time a fresh realization of the communion of man with God in sacrifice and service.

To such a state of mind, religion, in its con-

ventional forms, does not even speak a language which is easily intelligible. It may even pride itself on its remoteness from the ordinary rules of thought. An English theologian has gone so far as to say: "The British mind neither likes nor understands cleverness. How true that is! How fortunate that it is true! The greatest movements of the world have been irrational. Faith, which is the greatest power in history, flourishes and even exults in the offense of the cross and the paradox of the spirit." This, as has been said of it, is nothing less than "the glorification of obscurantism." It is "the ecclesiastical conscience, so impressed with the duty of saving the world that it has never taken time to ask whether, after all, it understands the world." By no such procedure can religion hope to guide a new world. To understand the world as it is and to interpret that world to itself is its primary business. The definitions of the past must be restated in the language of the present. In the tumultuous circumstances which at the present moment beset experience, religion must discern the life of God in the souls of men. Never was there more thinking going on about the mysteries of life

and death, and never was that thinking more crude precipitate, or superficial. What a challenge is here to a teacher of religion! The era of theological obscurantism ended among the stern realities of war; and the demand of the new world repeats the ancient cry, "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God."

What, then, are to be the marks of a religion which can be welcomed by the new world? It must be, in the first place, characterized by simplicity: the sifting out of the essential and life-giving from the unessential or devitalized. Simplicity, however, does not mean meagreness, emptiness, or the reducing of truth to lowest terms. Simplicity means singleness, directness, straightforwardness, deliverance from the tortuous and the complex. "The simplicity which is in Christ" should read, "The single-heartedness which is toward Christ." The French Ambassador to the United States, M. Jusserand, has said of George Washington that he was "a convinced partisan of the straight line." Indirectness did not mislead, or subtlety obscure, his sane and prudent judgments. Simplicity, in other words, is a way — and

often a hard way — straight to the centre of truth; a habit of mind which discriminates, penetrates, and discerns. "As the serpent beguiled Eve," St. Paul might say to many a modern teacher of religion, "I fear that your mind may be corrupted from the single-heartedness which is toward Christ."

Here is the first task for religion in a new world. For the obvious, yet for the most part unconsidered, fact is that much which has been offered to the world as the essential element in religion, however weighty and significant it may have been, has not been religion at all; but a series of propositions about religion, or a statement of the conditions under which religion may be received. This is by no means to depreciate what are called the creeds of the Church. Every thoughtful person has a creed, even if it be nothing more than the creed that all creeds are false. The only possible choice for a reasoning being is between a reasonable creed and an unreasonable creed. To denounce all creeds is to announce a new creed, and to have no creed of one's own is to confess that one has given up thinking. Yet these propositions about religion are not identical with religion itself. One might accept most

of the articles of most of the creeds, and not be a Christian. The most elaborate confession concerning the birth, life, and death of Jesus Christ does not in itself pledge the believer to the most elementary virtues of the Christian life. It is immaterial in this respect whether the creed be orthodox or heterodox, Athanasian or Arian. In the one case as in the other, a creed that deals with history or dogma may leave its most militant advocate very far from the blessing which Jesus pronounced upon the peacemakers, or the poor in spirit, or the pure in heart. Thus the first demand made on religion in a new world is for a new simplification. "Let us see to it," an Anglican chaplain has lately said, "that we do not play the pettifogger with the person of Christ." What he meant was that, in debating over definitions of Christ one might miss the discipleship of Christ, and in determining the details of Christology might fail to reach that single-heartedness which is toward Christ.

The second characteristic of religion, if it would serve the new world, follows from the first. For simplification opens the way to unification. What an amazing and humiliating spectacle it is, in the presence of a stricken

world, to see the Christian Church still rent by contentions and dissensions; and still more to observe the matters with which these debates have been for the most part concerned! Have they been wholly preoccupied with promoting communion with God and discipleship with Jesus Christ and with the promise of peace and trust as a consequence; or have they, on the other hand, dealt with regulations or definitions or forms which have been set round religion to limit or control it? "Like a mighty army," Christians sing, "moves the Church of God"; but is not the progress of that host more like that of a mob, whose members are quite as likely to quarrel among themselves as to move against a common enemy? How many orders of clergy, how many sacraments, what type of government, what form of baptism — all these are matters of genuine interest; yet not one of these problems of organization or conformity deals with religion itself. A distinguished ecclesiastic not long ago defined the Christian Church as "The great company of the baptized"; but he forgot the obvious fact that many baptized persons may remain practically heathen, and that many unbaptized

persons, as among the Quakers, may become Christian saints.

With the same loyalty to external forms, a gifted and devoted Anglican, Lord Hugh Cecil, has announced the terms of "Fellowship with Other Communions" which commend themselves to his mind; and he begins this statement with the affirmation: "I sincerely believe that Episcopacy has been adopted by the Church under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, and my business is to obey what has been set up under the guidance of the divine mind. To receive Communion, therefore, from the hands of a Presbyterian minister is to expect the chastisement due to so profane a disregard of what seems to me a divine order." This is obviously not so much to discuss Christian unity as to dismiss it from discussion. Outside the pale of unity must remain, first, the entire body of non-Episcopal Protestants, who believe that they can trace the guidance of the Holy Spirit in their own ministries; and secondly, the vastly greater number of modern minds, to whom all such inquiries concerning the tactual transmission of ecclesiastical authority, however interesting they may be, are altogether with-

out relation to the question of realizing the life of God in the souls of men. To these seekers for the truth, external and superimposed religion is no sufficient substitute for the practice of the presence of God. It may be a prop to faith, but it is not faith itself. In short, there are many scaffoldings which may be erected about the building of faith, but the scaffolding is not the building. The foundation of God standeth sure, not because of the scaffoldings which surround it, but because its corner stone has this twofold seal: "The Lord knoweth them that are his; and, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

And all the while, how simple and unconstrained religious unity may be! Take any group of reasonable people and set them to do a work so great as to command all that they have and are, and much more, and the difficulty of working together so completely disappears that it surprises them to have any one suppose that a difficulty is there. This is just what happened in the tragic experience of war. A new sense of proportion was attained by the teachers of religion who committed themselves to the great cause. They cared less for

little things because their thought was fixed on supreme realities. That was what simplified the whole problem of their religious work. There was diversity of operation, but the one Spirit; diversity of administration, but the one Lord. The unity which they might have sought in vain by the way of argument became real when they thought only of their chance to serve. As they rose to the height of their own thought they found themselves approaching each other, like men who climb a hill from different sides, and when they reached the top they found one view for all, and that view a view all round.

At this point is disclosed the third mark of a religion which is fit to cope with the problems of a new world. For the simplification and unification of religious truth are precious, not so much for themselves but because they promote that spiritualization of life which it is the mission of organized religion to represent. We hear much just now of efficiency in the Church, of social service and practical reform; and there are confident leaders in the new order who propose that the Church should subordinate its ancient ways of worship and prayer, and modernize itself into a social

settlement, or a community centre, or a forum for the discussion of current events. The fact is, however, that such a programme not only surrenders the supreme function of the Church, but misconceives the character of the new world. The world wants, no doubt, better economic schemes, better relations between employers and employed, better politics, better government; but its far more essential need is to have all these schemes and dreams of the present day lifted out of their bewildering details into a higher view of life; to have the conscience of the time reawakened, its reason satisfied, and its faith reassured. And that is a work which religion alone can do. The Church is not a college, a debating club, a settlement, or a forum. The business of the Church is not to come down to the world, but to lift the world toward God; not to secularize itself, but to spiritualize the world.

It is quite true that the most hopeful sign of the present time is its sense of social responsibility. With all its crudity and aggressiveness, the social renaissance of the last twenty years is the most obvious sign that the heart of humanity is sound, and that the will

of God may some day be done on earth as it is in heaven. The world is not so likely to be harmed by precipitancy or unrealizable dreams as it is by inertia, stupidity, and indifference. "God's plan for the world," Sir George Adam Smith has said, "is delayed, not so much by being misinterpreted, as by being sat upon." Yet, even with this recognition of the social movement, we have not defined the mission of religion in the new world. For the gravest peril which now confronts the social order is not external or industrial or political; it is the spiritual peril of a materialized civilization, a sensualized character, and a devitalized piety. The world needs, it is true, better social conditions, but it needs still more a better conscience and a clearer vision. Doers it needs, and the supply increases; but it still more needs seers, and they are few. Better machinery it needs, and finer adjustment of the wheels of the world, but it still more needs the power to turn those wheels — the dynamic of wisdom, insight, and love. What the world just now has most to fear is not that duty may be misled, but that duty may be scorned; not that God may be misinterpreted, but that God may be forgotten. What

the world is starving for is not flour and sugar alone, but the more elementary sustenance of faith and hope and love. What will save the new world is not economic determinism, but spiritual determination. A demobilized world is in grave danger of becoming a despiritualized world. The new world must have a simplified, a unified, and a spiritualized religion, or in large areas of its life and thought it is very likely to have no religion at all.

IX

A REASONABLE SERVICE

Romans 12:1

THE Letters of the Apostle Paul are of special interest to students and teachers because he was the only man among the first disciples who can be fairly described as liberally educated. He had gone up to Jerusalem, as to a University. He had sat at the feet of the most distinguished teachers. The three main currents of ancient civilization met in him. He was a Jew in his religion, a Greek in his philosophy, a Roman in his citizenship. He spoke Hebrew, he thought Greek, he felt himself a Roman. Yet in a most extraordinary degree he exhibited other qualities which scholars often lack — a passionate self-sacrifice, a persistent activity, and a practical wisdom. He was at once an erudite theologian and an untiring missionary. A brilliant Englishman said thirty years ago that what England most needed was a spiritually-minded man of the world. That would be a

good description of the Apostle Paul. He was a man of the world, with a large horizon of observation and experience; but interpreting the world with the sanity and detachment of a spiritual mind. When, therefore, this scholar and gentleman was writing to his friends in Rome, who were, in their turn, the most educated group among the new followers of Jesus, he set together these two aspects of his own character in a single phrase of counsel. They were to offer to God what he calls "a reasonable service," or, as it may be more accurately translated, a logical sacrifice — the dedication of scholarship to service, the practical application of the academic mind.

A reasonable service! That is still an offering which it is by no means easy to make to God; for there is much reasoning which is unserviceable, and much service which is unreasonable. On the one hand is an unapplied or indifferent scholarship — the learning that does not touch life, the sin of academic selfishness, as though the world were a vulgar scene from which the scholar might wisely hide himself. It is the habit of mind of Longfellow's Monk, as he sits at Amalfi, on the

terrace above the bustle of the town, looking down upon its traders and fishermen, and

> "Wondering unto what good end
> All this toil and trouble tend,
> And why all men cannot be
> Free from care and free from pain,
> And the sordid love of gain,
> And as indolent as he."

The modern University is historically a successor of the mediæval monastery, and has in fact many of the ancient privileges of the monastic life. An English Don, writing of his colleagues, has said: "I see my Oxford friends beset by two maladies — the habit of not having any opinion, which they call Moderation, and the habit of not expressing their opinion when they have it, which they call the Balanced Mind." Truth for Truth's sake, Art for Art's sake, Beauty as its own excuse for being — these high ideals of the scholar may easily induce a habit of contempt for the common world, and convert one who should be a creator into nothing but a critic. The very privilege of detachment offered to the scholar's mind may encourage, not a clearer view of reality, but a distorted picture of the world, misinterpreting or overlooking facts which less sophisticated minds may see.

Nothing was more pitiful than the exhibition of this habit of mind during the years of war by certain scholars of Germany, so that they fell into what may be called the plight of the Professors. No group of citizens was more hot or foolish in its utterances. Having constructed a theory of civilization in which the fit must survive, and having assumed that Teutonic culture insured fitness, no means to hasten the coming of that inevitable domination could be condemned; and men of great learning permitted themselves to tolerate outrages from which less subtle minds would have recoiled with shame. It was as though such scholars had lived in a dark room, within the shadow of their own speculations, and, coming suddenly into the glare of day, blinked and stumbled before the plainest facts of social or political righteousness.

If this is the story of an unserviceable reason, not less disastrous may be the effect of an unreasonable service. We hear much in these days of Social Service. Never were so many people, learned and ignorant, rich and poor, wise and otherwise, offering themselves with such splendid devotion to the generous service of their community, or nation, or

Church. The most reassuring sign of the times is this summons from introspection to action, from the saving of one's own soul to the saving of the soul of the world, from the sanctifying of oneself for one's own sake to the sanctifying of oneself for others' sakes. But this new and noble enterprise of social service brings with it a new peril. It is the peril of an undisciplined generosity, an emotional philanthropy, an unreasoning and unreasonable service. Many people want to do good, but fancy that zeal may be a substitute for discretion, and fever for fervor. They provide heat without light, they offer devotion without discrimination, they express willingness without wisdom. A train may be halted by lack of steam to propel it, but it may be in still greater danger from lack of brakes to control or check its motion. The fact is that not every one who wants to help others is, in the complexity of the modern world, given that happy privilege. Social science is not a matter of sentiment alone, but no less of science. Passion needs preparedness. A member of the American Embassy in Paris during the war was asked how many soldiers the United States had in France, and answered

that he did not know and would not tell if he did. There have been, however, he said, at least a hundred totally unprepared young American women at the Embassy, saying, "Please assign us our job"; and on being informed that no appropriate job was open to them, adding, "Well, while we are waiting for our job, we should like to go to the Front." In short, the experience of the war taught in a most unprecedented and dramatic way the necessity of training as antecedent to service. The war became more and more a war of scholars. Its issues were determined, not merely by fighters, but by thinkers; by chemists in their laboratories, by the discoveries of inventors and physicists, by new explosives and submarine detectors. Never was there such a field for the secluded scholar to have a creative part in the new order of the world. A distinguished scholar of Shakespearean English had become expert in deciphering the cryptograms, with which the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was concerned, and found this apparently remote erudition applicable to the coding of cable messages for the Government of the United States and the de-coding of the enemy's dis-

patches. It is even said that it was he who discovered one of the most malicious and cruel schemes of Germany, in that message from Argentina, authorizing the sinking of neutral vessels bound to neutral ports, with the provision that they be sunk without a trace.

Here, then, are the two perils which beset this and every age — a learning detached from life, and a life undisciplined by service. Who shall say which of these is the greater peril, — an impotent scholarship or a blundering philanthropy? Might not the Apostle Paul write again, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you keep these two aims of a rational life in a just equipoise — an education touched by the needs of this momentous time, and an efficiency directed by deliberate and patient training; an academic life alert to guide the present age, and the sense of the present age quickening academic life; work made intelligent, and intelligence set to work; conscientiousness made efficient, and sympathy made wise." That is the Apostolic doctrine of a logical offering, — a Reasonable Service.

X

THE RUB OF LIFE

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. — REV. 21: 7.

IF a block of wood be laid on a table of cast-iron, the two surfaces being perfectly flat and smooth, it requires a force — so the scientific people tell us — of nearly two fifths the weight of the block to make it slide along the table. This very considerable fraction of energy, that is to say, is expended in overcoming the friction between the wood and the iron. The resistance created exhausts nearly one half of the power which is set to pull. All motion meets this obstruction. It restrains the flight of the bird and the rolling of the wheel; it prescribes the orbit of a planet and prevents the slipping of a knot. A large part of the power generated by a machine is spent, not in doing the work for which the machine was built, but in overcoming the friction which the motion of the machine creates. One of the most important problems

in mechanics is, therefore, that of reducing friction. The machine is oiled, the road is levelled, its surface is hardened, so that the rub shall be decreased. At every point we seem to be contending against a hostile world which limits our freedom or stops our movement altogether.

Yet, as we all know, this force of friction has another part to play in the system of Nature. It retards all motion, but at the same time makes all motion possible. A railway train, for instance, is checked in its speed by the increased friction which its own motion creates. As more steam is applied, more resistance is encountered, until at last the pressure of air and the grinding of wheels makes further speed impossible. Yet it is precisely this overcoming of friction which makes the train move at all. Take away the grip of the wheels on the track, or even reduce it considerably, — as when the track becomes slippery, — and the driving wheels of the locomotive take no hold on the rails and whirl round without propelling force. So a bird, as it beats its wings against the resisting air, might grow weary of this constant conflict with the opposing atmos-

phere, and fancy that but for this resistance it could soar away without restraint. But take away the friction which thus resists the bird, — put it under an exhausted receiver, where there is no atmosphere against which to beat its wings, — and the bird cannot fly at all. There it lies, perfectly free, but perfectly helpless. The friction which restrained its flight made possible the motion which it seemed to check. Each walk one takes is an overcoming of friction between one's feet and the ground; but let that resistance be reduced, as when one walks on an icy surface, and he slips and falls. The grip on the ground which makes his walk fatiguing is what enables him to walk at all. Efficiency, energy, and momentum, throughout the universe which environs us, are dependent on this principle of restraint. Not he who evades the resistance of the world, but he who overcomes it, makes it the servant of his will. "He that overcometh," the Book of Revelation says, "shall inherit all things." There is no motion without friction. The rub of the world is the secret of progress.

The same principle governs the spiritual world. Here is where friction meets one in

more obstructive forms. The rub of life, the fruitlessness of daily cares, the strain of work, the waste of effort, the hope deferred, the thwarted plan — all these seem the marks of a hostile world, which neutralizes our desires and limits our efficiency. A great part of human energy is exhausted, not in achieving what one set out to do, but in contending against the inevitable conditions of an obstructive Universe. Many a tired man or woman lies down at the end of a working day wondering why life must be so hard. Why does not the course of duty run down-stream with a favoring current, instead of compelling one to pull with all his might against that current, and at the best hardly to gain? What a superfluously wasteful world is this which at each point blocks one's effort! Yet the force which thus hampers life is at the same time the source of its durable satisfactions and joys. Permanent happiness does not come to the drifter and dawdler, but to the worker, the creator, the victor over possible defeat, the winner over threatening odds. The life that knows no outward resistance soon feels an inward inertia. Only that which is worth working

for turns out to be worth having. The conquering of resistance is the beginning of contentment. He that overcometh inherits these things. It is the rub of life that makes life move. It is the struggle for existence which conquers the environing world.

Here is the fallacy which is apt to mislead persons of leisure. Many a hard-working parent has meant to be kind to his children and has, in fact, been cruel. He has softened the rub of circumstances for those he loves, and smoothed their way of duty, until they are left undisciplined by exertion, unprompted by effort, free to do nothing, and doing even that half-heartedly and indolently. The friction which made the parent's life hard is withdrawn, and it leaves the children's lives soft; and the unhappy father wonders why his grasp on life is not inherited by his son. It is because the operation of natural law has been checked. Life has become an exhausted receiver, where the youth lies like a bird, free, but with no power to fly. Only he that overcometh can inherit the uses of leisure, and be the master of his circumstances and not their slave.

Is it possible to take still another step, and

to interpret under the same principle the more baffling problems which meet the profounder experiences of the soul: — the crises of faith and doubt, of sorrow and solitude; the search for truth, which finds itself shut in by the unknown and the unknowable, as a sailor, looking for his harbor, is shut in by impenetrable fog and hears the breakers not far away; the sudden invasion of life by disaster or bereavement, as though an unanticipated eclipse shut out the sun and left one groping in the dark? Here is friction in its most tragic form — a brute mass of resistance to spiritual progress and peace, of which the rub of the outward world is but an imperfect suggestion. What can one say of this blocking of desire, this thwarting of hope? What kind of Universe is this which thus arrests one at every point and confronts his faith with obstructions and denials? Is it not a bad, Godless, devilish world, which one is doomed to endure, but which he can neither interpret nor enjoy? Is not each joy the forerunner of pain, each sweet meeting the prophecy of a sad parting? What is this but the worst possible world? What is the law of friction but a doctrine of despair?

Yet, even here, the twofold operation of

the principle of friction, though it may not make life easy, is what makes it rational and sane. When one turns from the philosophers who are studying life as a problem, to the people who are mastering life as an experience, — from those who are wondering what pain and trouble mean, to those who are learning by enduring, — what is the strange paradox which these victims of spiritual friction represent? Has their fortitude been crushed by the weight of their calamity? Has the friction of circumstance obstructed the momentum of the spirit? On the contrary, it is those who have felt the full force of hostile circumstances, and the unrelenting rub of suffering or care, who have discovered the secret of composure, poise, self-mastery, and peace. Not immunity from trouble, but experience of it, promotes serenity and self-control. That is the paradox of the Christian life. He who loses his life finds it. He who takes up his own cross and carries it walks most steadily and erect. Not the mind that has never doubted is most secure in its convictions, but the mind which has wrestled with the dark angel and subdued it. Not the life which is softest is strongest, but the life

which has met a hard world and overcome it. That is what makes the cross of Christ so precious to millions of souls. It is the supreme symbol of victory through defeat, of gain through loss, of progress through passion.

Here is the crowning discovery which awaits the experience of life. To find that a life which surrenders all can become master of all, that the capacity to suffer may mean the capacity to save, that sacrifice may be the way to service, that in the very presence of his own cross it was possible for Jesus to say, "My peace I leave with you," — that is what reassures many a stumbling soul, as it gropes its own way up its own Calvary, and reconciles it to a world which, hard as it seems, has proved plastic to the touch of sacrifice. This is that multitude which the Book of Revelation describes, "which no man can number, of all nations and kindreds and peoples and tongues, clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands. And one of the elders said unto me, Who are these that are clothed in white robes, and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest; and he said unto me, These are they who came out of great tribulation; therefore they are before

the throne of God, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them." "Therefore," it is written — not in spite of their experience, but because of it. The way of sacrifice had become to them the way of strength; the tribulation which they might have feared would stain their robes, had left them the whiter; the experience which might have made them wonder whether any good God was still sitting on the throne, revealed Him dwelling among them.

Here, then, is a principle which governs the spiritual not less than the physical universe. Neither the world within, nor the world without, can move except under the law of friction. One's natural desire is to make the world a soft place; and the first shock of trouble or sorrow is in the discovery that the world is a hard place, beset by resisting forces which obstruct one's desires and dreams. That would be a fatal flaw in the world if it were meant to be a stagnant, torpid, motionless world. But the fact which is written on the history of all creation, from the first struggle of existence till now, is that life is made to move; that every creature above the most modest rudiments of life is endowed with

the capacity for motion; that things which cannot move are stagnating, inorganic, dead things; that progress, growth, motion, is the renovating principle of social and spiritual as of physical life. Character is no more a fixed quantity than is the size of a child. It is a thing in the making; it is life in motion; until, as the Apostle Paul said, one attains "unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Goodness is not a possession, it is an acquisition. It is not inherited, it is won. Its measure is not in its amount, but in its gain.

That was what Jesus meant by the parable of the talents. Not how many talents one has, but what he is doing with them, is the test. Have they been put at interest? Does the investment of life show a gain in character? To keep things fixed is to stop living. To plan for a happiness which shall be immune from change is to surrender the happiness which may increase with the years. To escape from the rub of life which the changes of the world involve is to be debarred from the resources of life which the world cannot take away. The promise of Jesus is not for deliverance from one's cross, but for strength to carry it; not for

a life which stands still, but for a life which grows more abundant. The choice has to be made between friction and death, between a life that is hard and no life at all; between the happiness of overcoming and the hopelessness of being overcome. Sympathy, compassion, magnanimity, the capacity to be of help to others, is reserved, not for those whose way has been easy, but for those whose way has been hard. This is not a soft world, and the sooner one knows it is a hard world, the better. The way out of trouble, therefore, is not round it, but through it. The secret of serenity and self-control is not with those who have felt no rub of the cross upon their shoulders, but with those who, even with bleeding feet, have taken up their own crosses and carried them. He that overcometh inherits these things, and God will be his God, and he shall be God's son.

What a dramatic demonstration of this natural law has been given in the fearful experience of war! What was the spiritual significance of those tremendous and tragic events? Did they represent simply a dead loss, not only of life and treasure, but of civilization, of humanity, of progress; or was there

achieved, through the terrific friction of these years, some gain in spiritual momentum, through which we may reach at last a chastened and purified world? No sane observer of the time can answer these questions with perfect confidence. We are watching events for which history has no parallel, and whose consequences no precedent can ensure. A great war is like a glacial period, when the world is sheathed in ice and the grind of the frozen mass scars the very rocks. It takes time — perhaps a long time — to melt the crushing load and to disclose the fairer world which has been carved out below, with its hills and lakes, its fields and bays.

And yet, though one must interpret such events with restraint and patience, we have seen enough of the working of spiritual friction under the solemn circumstances of these sad years to know that they have much to teach if the world has the will to learn. What an amazing spectacle it was which we were permitted to witness — the American people facing the most tremendous demands for sacrifice and service, not with resignation as to the inevitable, but with a glad consent; the varied forms of self-effacing service to which a whole

nation was committed — conscription, self-denial, thrift! What did all this mean except that the tremendous friction of a tragically hard world gave to multitudes of citizens a new grip on circumstances and a moral vitality which had never before been utilized or even suspected? What an irony of fate it now seems that so many parents had been working and planning that their children's lives might be easy and soft, when in fact what those children needed to make them strong and happy was something hard to encounter and overcome! Then their great chance came, with all its terrible contingencies, and it proved irresistible in its persuasion. It was as if they repeated to their parents the great word of the Master, "It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come to you."

The whole question of the future of America is presented here. Are we to sink back into softness, or are we to advance through hardness? Is the rub of life to be shirked, or is it to be discovered as the law of motion? Now that the world has been rescued from ruin, can it be kept moving or will it stand still? Here is the world of business, with its indus-

trial conflicts just reaching their height of bitterness; here is the world of education, expanding into unexplored regions of learning and service; here is the unprecedented chance for the work of women to be unobstructed and efficient; here is the new expansion which is given to the hopes of the Church, its missionary opportunity, its varied forms of social service. A new world waits for a new life to possess it. Not those who linger in a world which has passed away can have the joy of a world that is new. Not those who shirk the friction of the new world, but those who welcome it, will find their feet walking steadily and straight through the problems that await them. He that overcometh shall inherit these things. The new heaven and the new earth are for him alone.

XI

SELF-SURRENDER AND SELF-RECOVERY

I lay down my life, that I might take it again. . . . I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father. — JOHN 10: 17, 18.

WHAT a majestic saying! I have power — or more accurately, the authority, the right — to lay down my life, and I have the right to take it again. There are many words which have seemed to disciples of Jesus Christ, in their various moods and needs, to express the heart of his message. Sometimes his secret has been found in the word Love. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself." Sometimes one treasures the word Grace. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." Sometimes the great word of the Christian life seems to be Sacrifice. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Jesus Christ." But when one searches the story of

Jesus Christ for the most characteristic and dominant aspect of his teaching, he comes on a word which Christian history has in large part underestimated or overlooked. It is the word Power. Twenty-five times and in the most significant connections this word appears in the first three gospels. "The multitude were astonished at his teaching," begins the story, "for his word was with power." That was the first impression of his work. "To them gave he power to become the sons of God," it is said of his followers. "I give unto you power," he says of himself. "According to the power which the Lord hath given me," writes the Apostle Paul. That was the first gift of the new Teacher to his disciples. They had indeed learned from him the meaning of love and grace and sacrifice, but more than all they had received from him Power. They were self-distrustful, timid, wavering in loyalty, crying, "Lord, we believe, help thou our unbelief"; and the Master comes with his power, and endows them with courage, efficiency, and steadiness, through the impartation of a dynamic life; so that the same men who had confessed themselves ignorant or timid came to be martyrs for his sake. And

when, in the last days of his life, the Teacher speaks of his own experience, he is led to use the same word, and with the tranquil confidence of conscious strength, says to his friends: "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again."

The words are commonly applied to the special and solemn events which lay just before Jesus as he spoke, and which to many Christians make all that went before subordinate. The power of Jesus has seemed to be chiefly shown, not so much in his life as in his death. He laid down his life on the cross, to take it again in the resurrection. And it may well be that, to the author of the Fourth Gospel, this prophecy of death and life was most immediately in mind. Yet, when one observes the connection of the passage, and the teaching which Jesus was trying to convey, the words acquire a more comprehensive meaning. The Master has been dwelling in this last discourse with his friends on the figure of the shepherd and the sheep. The shepherd, he says, in his beautiful figure, goes before, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep. So far the Christian

world has appreciated and welcomed the teaching. The picture of the Good Shepherd has been, both for Christian art and Christian sentiment, the most suggestive symbol of the leadership of Christ.

But having followed this figure into much detail, it seems as if it did not appear to Jesus wholly sufficient. The shepherd, it is true, lays down his life for the sheep, and that is a noble deed. But is it the supreme manifestation of power? It is a splendid act to surrender one's life in a willing sacrifice. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But is not a master of men something more than a shepherd of sheep? Shall he not add to his capacity for self-surrender the further capacity for self-discovery? Must he not, beyond his willingness to lay down his life, have strength to take it again? Must he not wrest his victories out of his defeats, his power to save out of his willingness to suffer, his capacity for service out of his consent to sacrifice, his life out of his death? Is it not this that makes his word have power — that its confidence and authority have been wrought out of experiences of disaster and defeat; that the

yielding of his own will has been the revelation of his Father's will; that his cross has become his crown? That would make a real difference between a shepherd of sheep and a saviour of men. Both have hard experiences to bear; but the shepherd fulfils his task in self-surrender, and the saviour is led through self-surrender to self-discovery. When he is weak, then he becomes strong. He lays down his life, but he takes it again.

That is precisely what happened in the case of Jesus himself. When we review his career it turns out to be a series of surrenders which were converted into a series of victories.

First, he meets the very temptations which confront the sense of power. The kingdoms of this world are at his feet; he is conscious of the capacity for political or personal fame. But as, in one fixed determination of the will, he surrenders all thought of this use of power, and says to the Tempter, "Get thee behind me," a greater power floods in upon his will, and he returns from the wilderness of temptation to preach the gospel of the Kingdom of God. Again, he carries this message to his own people, and fails to make it plain. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" people say; "For

even his brethren do not believe on him." But this rejection of his more intimate message only spurs him to a greater resolution. He withdraws to solitude, conceives his task in larger terms, and sets his face to go to Jerusalem. What seems the failure of his hope proves its expansion, and the Galilean Teacher becomes the Messiah of his people.

Or, once again, he comes to the last scene of his life, where he is met by misinterpretation and betrayal, and the prayer is wrung from him, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me!" Yet the very completeness of this disaster becomes converted by him into a majestic self-control, and he stands before Pilate, not surrendering himself as a victim to fate, but claiming the authority of a peer: "Thou sayest that I am a king; for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness of the truth." In each of these momentous incidents which mark the spiritual development of Jesus Christ, there is disclosed, not the single and simple experience of submission and sacrifice, but the larger and richer experience of transformation and mastery. In each, loss is converted into gain; surrender into victory; rejection into hope; the defeated task

into the larger mission. The sacrifice of what had seemed most precious becomes the instrument of the larger purpose. His own will is denied, but the Father's will is done through him. He lays down his life, but he takes it again.

It may seem, at the first statement, a long way from this profound spiritual development of Jesus Christ to the ordinary experiences of plain people under the circumstances of a modern world. Yet the disclosure of this two-fold process through which character is perfected gives a key to many of the most perplexing incidents of human life. No one can live long or thoughtfully without arriving at experiences of temptation, or disaster, or disappointment, or defeat, which seem to have in their very nature a quality of finality and irretrievableness; as though there were no chance for any counter-attack, no light beyond, no way through. A blow of fate, a loss of opportunity, a failure in health, a change of fortune, an overmastering habit, a devastating sorrow — these events come like an invading and merciless army, and in their track there is nothing but desolation and ashes. All the sunny optimism in which one

had delighted is shut out by the great cloud that rises from the smoking wreck. "God 's in his heaven, all 's right with the world," sounds like the chatter of children playing among the ruins. Only one solace seems left — the habit of resignation. To surrender what had been desired; to train oneself in renunciation; to bear the inevitable; to be silent before the unanswerable — that seems the only way to sanity and peace.

And when, at such times, one turns to his religion, one's first impression is that the same way of interpretation and endurance seems to be offered. "If any man will come after me," says Jesus, "let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." "Whosoever doth not bear his cross cannot be my disciple." "We must through much tribulation," says the Book of Acts, "enter into the Kingdom of God." "The world," says the Apostle Paul, "is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Christians have been prompt to accept this message of renunciation. To give up the struggle; to surrender the heart's desire; to resign the hopes which have been so alluring — that is the ideal which in earlier centuries drove thousands of the most saintly souls to

the monasteries, and made convents and nunneries seem more sacred than happy homes; and the same ideal still survives in these softer days as a creed, even if it be not welcomed as a practice. Saintliness is still tested by its capacity for self-surrender. "O, to be nothing, nothing!" sings the converted sinner; and worshipping congregations join in their confession:

> "A broken heart, my God, my king,
> Is all the sacrifice I bring —
> I smite upon my troubled breast,
> With deep and conscious guilt oppressed."

And this long history of ascetic practice and spiritual abasement has, of course, its heroic aspect. It is a great thing that what the hymn calls "the world's allurements, toil and fashion," which have so often overwhelmed the higher life of man, have been powerless against so many self-denying souls. Monastic orders and modern penitents; self-scourging hermits and self-searching saints; — all these make a record of victory over the world and the flesh which cannot be recalled without admiration. Yet renunciation is, after all, only negation. It gives up, but it does not build up. It surrenders, but it does not sub-

due. It goes without things, but it does not go through things. It sacrifices, but it does not serve. The monks of the Middle Ages might be saints, but they might also be unproductive, unserviceable, or even lazy saints. They did not fight the battle of life; they ran away from it. The sinner who sings: "O, to be nothing!" may easily become little more than what he prays to be! He may be good, but good for nothing. He may cling to the cross of Christ, instead of obeying the command to take up his own cross and carry it. The real test of renunciation, that is to say, is not in itself, but in that to which it leads. Self-denial is not an end, but a way. Not in what it forbids one to do, but in what it commands one to do, is its excellence. What next? it asks. What then? What is to happen, now that one offers to God "a broken heart," or a "troubled breast"? Does renunciation mean passive impotency, or does it mean renewed efficiency? Has self-surrender opened a way to self-discovery? Has one denied himself so that he might the more steadily carry his own cross? Has he renounced his desires and sins as an athlete strips off his clothing; not because it is good to be naked, but because he

must not be impeded in his race? Has he laid down his life that he might take it again?

Such is the twofold process by which any one of us may measure his own experience. For who is there, whether he be old or young, that knows nothing of this attack of circumstances which seems to compel surrender? One's physical limitations shut out his spiritual dreams; his obligations thwart his opportunity; his passionate interests are denied fulfilment; his ambitions are unrealized; his confidence has been misplaced; the hopes he has cherished are eclipsed by the shadow of bereavement. These shattering incidents happen every day in human affairs, and no life is immune from their attack. But what then? What next? What is one to do with these experiences? Are they simply to be endured? Is the only way to peace through surrender? On the contrary, it is precisely here that a great part of the perplexity, disillusion, even agony, of human life is met. To surrender is to accept defeat. To renounce is to run away. To endure is to stay in the dark. The only way out of these incidents is through them. The only permanent peace of mind is for those who, as the Gospel says, "make

peace." Self-surrender, that is to say, is the essential preliminary of self-discovery. The valley of the shadow is the road, and perhaps the only road, to the height of vision. If one wants to take up his life, he has to lay it down. If one wants to save his life, he has to lose it. That is the fundamental paradox of Christianity. To convert the thwarted career into the beneficent career; the limitation into the consecration; the sorrow into sympathy; to get the strength to bear one's own burdens by bearing others' burdens also; to conquer grief, as a modern poet has said, "By dint of tending sufferings not one's own"; — that is the way — and for most people the only way — from a negative morality to a positive morality, from penitence to power, from the power to lay down one's life to the power to take it again.

Is it not precisely this problem of spiritual self-recovery which confronts the American nation, as it passes from the terrific experiences of war to the not less alarming conditions of the years since the war? Self-sacrifice, when it was called for by a great cause, was lavishly and beautifully offered. No hesitancy or fear deterred that great multitude of the

country's youth from repeating the Master's words: "I have power to lay down my life. This commandment have I received of my Father." The self-effacing service of the nation, in a conflict not its own, is as proud a reminiscence as any citizen can cherish, or transmit to the generations yet to come. The capacity of American youth for unassuming courage and unperturbed serenity gave, even to the revolting business of war, something of the character of a crusade. But how is it with the further problem of taking up again the life so willingly laid down? Has national self-sacrifice been succeeded by national self-recovery? No one can look about him at the immediate conditions of industrial and social life without a grave sense of apprehension. He may cherish a fundamental faith in the American character and its final decisions, but he must confess that an era of restlessness, recklessness, and uncontrolled desires, has succeeded the chastening years of heroism and discipline. Economic conflicts have loosened restraint, and threaten to precipitate industry into a war hardly less destructive and disastrous than was the war of bloodshed. International deliberations seem to

have forgotten the sacrifices of allies, and to exhibit the self-seeking of competitors. Social life, among old and young, rich and poor, has relaxed its inhibitions and even forgotten its decencies; tolerating conduct and conversation which can be described in nothing less than the strong language of the Apostle James as "earthly, sensual, devilish." In a word, a nation which did not shrink from self-sacrifice has not yet achieved the further task of self-recovery. What is called the backwash of the war has left the flats of life exposed, and we wait for the cleansing flood-tide to set in. Is it possible that the tide is not to turn? Has capacity for heroism been drained away and left only the lust of money, the partisanship of politics, and the demoralization of social life, as though the Ship of State were stranded on the shoals of history? Where there was such power to lay down life, surely there must be power to take it again. Having endured the tragic test of hardness, surely a nation can meet the more insidious test of softness. When a commandment was unhesitatingly received to die, surely a commandment may still be received to live.

How, then, is all this to happen? What is

the motive that may carry either a person or a nation over from self-surrender to self-recovery? How is it that the Christian paradox may be verified, and one may find his life in losing it? The extraordinary saying recorded as uttered by Jesus answers these questions also, "I have power," he says, "to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father." It was a commandment, then, which gave him control over himself. It was not his own will, but the will of his Father, which must be done. In his loyalty, he found his liberty. He was under orders. He had received a commandment. The Christian religion, in other words, is not a pacifist, non-combatant, anæmic habit of self-abnegation; it is the positive achievement of self-dedication. It is not a place to rest, but a way to go; it is not a comfort only, but a command. It comes with its orders, to people who are weak, undisciplined, timid, or defeated; and takes them out of the solitude of their own renunciation, to enlist with the forces of God. And that means courage, power, serenity, in the hard campaigns of life. Difficult service, grave disaster, even devas-

tating defeat, may have to be endured. What seems purposeless or futile may be the only way to peace; what seems defeat may be the key to victory. Each loyalty, each obscure sacrifice, may count in the great design. This commandment the good soldier of Jesus Christ has received; and it summons him from resignation to resolution; from sacrifice to service; from self-surrender to self-discovery. He has power to lay down his life that he, and those for whom he gladly lays it down, may take up life again.

XII

THE PILGRIM CHARACTER

A DISTINGUISHED publicist, being asked what in his judgment was the most permanent bequest of the Pilgrims, answered, "Their character." The more one reflects on this proposition, the more remarkable, and at the same time the more just, it seems to be. The Pilgrims crossed a wintry ocean and settled on a sterile coast, not consciously to leave a bequest of character, but simply to worship God according to their consciences and, in the language of their Compact, "To combine themselves into a Civil Body Politic for their better ordering and preservation." A Church of the Laity and a State of the People — these were the conscious purposes of the heroic migration, and these ideals, with many modifications and reactions, have been woven into the fabric of a great nation. Yet behind the conscious intentions of these undaunted exiles, arming them for their great adventure and sustaining

them in its privations, was a certain type of character, bred in pious homes and fortified by ecclesiastical persecutions, which has proved more persistent and more formative than any scheme, either of Church or State. Local self-government with its Town Meeting; industrial fraternalism with its coöperative spirit; religious independency with its personal responsibility; all these achievements of that primitive colony — which are still the ideals of American statesmanship, industry, and faith — were practicable because they were the expressions of a certain moral type, capable of initiative, patience, and self-control. Without the Pilgrim character the Pilgrim colony would have failed; and as the political and religious organization of the Pilgrims has been transmitted from a colony to a continent, it has proved practicable wherever the Pilgrim character has survived, and impracticable wherever the Pilgrim character has become degenerate or extinct. The religious and industrial democracy which the Pilgrims established was not primarily a political or economic scheme, but a moral creation. The fundamental teaching of Pilgrim history is its primary demand for

a specific type of citizenship. The most important bequest of the Pilgrims was their character.

What was this Pilgrim character, which thus expressed itself alike in their faith and in their works? What were the moral ideals which that little settlement, set between the savages and the sea, bequeathed to the modern world? Much humor and irony have been devoted to criticism of that primitive conscience. It was, it is pointed out, sober, self-scrutinizing, and severe; and it must be confessed that life on the frontier of civilization compelled a plainness of habit, discipline of conduct, and rigidity of will, which are not popular to-day. Pilgrim ethics might easily encourage Puritanical restrictions. A religion which had put away priesthoods, ceremonials, and liturgies could but lack æsthetic charm. When "the wild woods," as Mrs. Hemans wrote, "rang with the anthems of the free," it may well have seemed crude music to one who recalled the choirs of Anglican cathedrals. Yet one of the most striking aspects of the Plymouth colony was its persistent opposition to the spirit of Puritanism. No Quaker was put to death at Plymouth; no witch was exe-

cuted there; "No act, imposition, law or ordinance," it was announced in 1633, "shall be made or imposed upon us, at the present or to come, but such as shall be made by consent of the body of their associates." No governmental or ecclesiastical autocracy dictated to the Pilgrim colony. The Indians were protected and relieved. Roger Williams had freedom of speech. At the Lord's table gathered Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Dutch Calvinists. Viewed in the light of their time and traditions, the most impressive traits of the Pilgrim conscience were not its restrictions, but its tolerance and liberality.

The transfusion of Pilgrim blood to invigorate Puritanism may be illustrated by a single example. Dr. Samuel Fuller was one of the original Mayflower company, and had tended the infant colony through the various diseases of its early years with such devotion that he was known as the "Good Phisition." In 1628 the Salem settlement, under John Endicott, suffered, as the Pilgrims had suffered eight years earlier, from much sickness caused by bad food and rude housing; and having heard of Dr. Fuller's successful practice at Plymouth, Governor Endicott en-

treated him to come to Salem, where, as it is recorded, "by letting blood and other means," he saved many lives. Two years later, in 1630, he was summoned to Dorchester, and there he "let some twenty of these peoples' blood." Finally, when Dr. Fuller returned to Plymouth, Governor Endicott wrote to Governor Bradford: "I acknowledge myself much bound to you for your kind love and care in sending Mr. Fuller among us, and rejoice much that I am by him satisfied touching your judgments of the outward form of God's worship. It is, as far as I can yet gather, no other than is warranted by the evidence of truth, and the same which I have preferred and maintained ever since the Lord in mercy revealed himself unto me, being far from the common report that hath spread of you touching that part." In other words, the door of reconciliation between Puritans and Pilgrims, which was barred to the theologians, swung freely open before the medical missionary, and the kindly ministry of the good physician was accepted as a sufficient evidence that the Pilgrim theology was sound. The swords of controversy lowered their points before the sword of the Spirit. Who could

ask a better epitaph than that which Governor Bradford wrote of Dr. Fuller? — "In the end he died, after he had much helped others. . . . He was Godly and forward to do good, being much missed after his death."

What was it, then, which gave these obscure emigrants such extraordinary significance that an entire continent recognizes in them the prophets of national integrity and strength? These plain people, it must be answered, were led, by one of the miracles of history, to discover the three ideals of civic and religious life which have become the permanent guides of the American Republic; and to which millions of other immigrants have turned as the assurance of security and happiness. The first of these ideals which steadied and directed the Pilgrim character was their faith in Liberty — the freedom of free men in a free country and a free Church. The England from which the Pilgrims fled — but which they never ceased to love — had, under the Stuarts, robbed its citizens of the most elementary rights of life and worship. The King stood above the law. His title was from God. To God alone was he responsible. "The subject and the sovereign," said Charles I,

"are clear different." The Established Church ruled every detail of private conduct. No book might be printed without license from a chaplain of the Archbishop of Canterbury or of the Bishop of London. All unlicensed study of Scripture was discouraged under the title of "unholy prying." In a word, while the Pope had been abandoned, the hierarchy remained. The exigencies of frontier life compelled the Pilgrims, it is true, to delegate authority to chosen rulers, and the authority of these governors was often rigorously enforced; but the principle of liberty — in speech, in printing, in suffrage, and in faith — was never in doubt. The Pilgrims builded better than they knew. They meant to establish an isolated, homogeneous community; but the love of liberty which they cherished has been transmitted to a vast and heterogeneous nation. They meant to be free to live apart, but they bequeathed the love of freedom to a continent. As one of their historians has lately said, "Their failure is perhaps not the least important of their successes. A little one became a thousand, Yea, a little one a great nation."

Shall not the modern world take to heart

this lesson of the Pilgrim character? Americans cherish a just pride in being heirs of a great tradition of liberty. They sing with enthusiasm:

> "My country, 't is of Thee,
> Sweet land of liberty; . . .
> Long may our land be bright,
> With freedom's holy light."

But is it certain that liberty is completely and permanently secured in America to-day? Have we outgrown the passions of partisanship, the perils of class-legislation, the attempts to rule the vast majority by the conspiracies of a few? Do we know nothing of tyrannous combinations, or restraint of trade, or repression of conscientious opinion, or the crushing of personal initiative by force of money, or power, or organization? Never was the Pilgrim faith in liberty more needed in our political and social life, alike in legislative bodies and in private citizens, in employers and employed; — a fair chance, a free ballot, an honest press, and a citizenship whose law is the perfect law of liberty. Never was it so obvious that by the test of civil and industrial liberty, the permanent stability of the great American experiment is to be assured or to fail.

"For he that worketh high and wise
Nor pauseth in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man."

The second note of the Pilgrim character was its faith in Democracy. That little colony of plain people was the most perfect illustration which history provides of a government by the people, of the people, and for the people. It was the first colony in the new world which was promoted neither by capitalists nor by kings. The Town Meeting, which the Pilgrims instituted, has become the foundation-stone of American democracy ever since. Even their religious organization was a pure democracy. They brought with them no official minister of religion; they prayed together as brethren, and the most trusted of the brethren spoke as the spirit moved. It was not until 1629 that an official Pastor was designated for the little flock. Their Church Covenant was the solemn pledge of a Christian Democracy. "We promise and bind ourselves to walk in all our ways according to the rule of the Gospel . . . in mutual love to, and watchfulness over one another, depending wholly and only upon the Lord our God to

enable us by his grace hereunto." What better programme could be proposed for a Democratic Church to-day than that which the little company at Scrooby announced in 1606; joining themselves "as the Lord's free people, to walk in all his ways, made known or to be made known, according to their best endeavor, whatever it shall cost them." "And that it cost them something," added John Robinson, "this ensewing historie will declare."

The conditions of the modern world are putting an unprecedented strain on the institutions and convictions of Democracy. The necessities of war through these last terrific years involved methods of dictatorship. Nothing short of autocratic command could make an army, a navy, and a government, ready for the great emergency. One of the most splendid aspects of the war was the glad consent of the people to yield their liberty, through conscription, restriction, and regulation, for the sake of winning the war. But is it inevitable that this sacrifice of Democracy shall be perpetuated in years of peace? Is the rule of dictatorship to be tolerated in industrial or political life? The era of Czars and Emperors has passed, but is not the industrial

order still the scene of an autocracy, where a few leaders propose to dictate to the entire body of citizens? We have suffered much from the dictatorship of capital, and the spirit of Democracy has applied itself to restrain the power of autocratic wealth; but precisely the same situation is now renewed in what is frankly called the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. What an extraordinary fact it is that this absolute rule of a limited group should be mistaken for Democracy, when it is in reality only the substitution of one Czar for another? The programme of social revolution is not, as is sometimes suggested, progressive or advanced, but, on the contrary, in the highest degree reactionary. Three forces have created civilization — the institution of the family, the system of private property, and the influence of religion. Every one of these creative forces is an object of offence, or even of derision, to the Bolshevik mind; and the abandonment of all three, far from being a victory of Democracy, is in fact its demolition. Nothing can be more remote from Democracy than dictatorship; and nothing is in the end more certain to be defeated than any attempt, either by force or by law, to deprive

the humblest citizen in a Democracy of his right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

All this has forced upon the modern mind the discovery that Democracy is not so simple a form of government as its earlier advocates conceived. It is in fact a moral condition rather than a political creation. Not every one is fit to live in a Democracy. It assumes in its members integrity, intelligence, and self-restraint. "No Government," Lord Bryce has said, in concluding his study of Democracy, "demands so much from the citizen, and none gives so much back." In other words, Democracy is not so much a form of State as it is a state of mind. The Pilgrims could rule their own colony because they could rule themselves. It must be the same to-day. Political Democracy means, not the right of individuals to defy the law, but the consent of individuals to obey the law. Industrial Democracy means, not a dictatorship either of the proletariat or of the privileged, but a partnership, in which producer, distributer, and consumer have equitable shares. Democracy, James Russell Lowell once said, means, "not I'm as good as you are, but you 're as

good as I am." Democracy is a levelling process, but it is a levelling up, not down. The security of Democracy is in the perpetuation of the Pilgrim character.

Finally, the Pilgrim character was wrought out of a commanding and uncomplicated faith in God. These refugees from tyranny had been bred in the discipline and doctrine of Calvinism, and never felt it necessary to renounce this association; but they were still less inclined to participate in the endless debates of theology which were the bread of life to their neighbors of Massachusetts Bay. The Pilgrims were simple Bible-readers, finding in the Scriptures no warrant for ecclesiastical hierarchies or authority, and proposing to give, without discussion or defence, an unembarrassed testimony to the life of God in the soul of man. As early as their stay in Leiden, they resolved in unqualified language "to promise and covenant with God and one another to receive whatsoever light or truth shall be made known to us from his written Word." In this pledge also they builded better than they knew; and precisely as they became the prophets of civil liberty and Democracy, while still remaining under

the restraints of their own time, so, through the forms of Calvinism, broke their instincts of religious liberty and Democracy, and their Christianity became tolerant, forward-looking, and free. "A great light," they said, had shone upon them and they followed that light, even if it should seem to others, as Bradford wrote, "a byword, a mocking-stock, and a matter of reproach." "Some," he continues, "were taken and clapped into prison, others had their houses beset, and the most were fain to fly." But each act of intolerance only stiffened the Pilgrim character. "Their migration," as the historian already cited has said, "was a crusade for righteousness, a search for Utopia, a Pilgrimage to the Promised Land." Indeed, they called themselves Pilgrims, not because they were migrating to New England, but because they were journeying to heaven. "So they left that good and pleasant city," Bradford wrote of the departure from Leiden, "for they knew that they were Pilgrims, and lifted up their eyes to the heavens, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits."

The Pilgrim faith has appeared to many modern minds severe and repelling, and some

of their opinions have seemed, like the New England climate, harsh and cold. The modern world seeks a more genial and sunny slope of thought and feeling. An English scholar of the last generation published an essay entitled "The Hard Church," condemning the "narrowness of spiritual trust," and the "fancied monopoly of defending God's ways," which encouraged intolerance, rigidity, and self-esteem. It was, indeed, a stiff and unbending faith which fortified the Pilgrims to endure hardness, solitude, and contempt; but might not a new essay be written concerning the prevailing condition of religion to-day, under the contrasted title of "The Soft Church." Might it not expose the unvertebrated sentimentalism which is sometimes called Liberalism, and the external ceremonialism which is sometimes called Churchmanship? It is quite true that softness was not a conspicuous trait of the Pilgrim character, but is it altogether admirable to-day? There is a religious toleration which is the consequence of comprehensive and discerning thought, but there is also a toleration which is nothing more than the evidence of indifference and contempt. It is tolerant of all creeds

because it cares for none. It sits in the seat of the scorner and fancies it a seat of judgment. A soft liberalism and a soft ecclesiasticism are the typical products of a soft era, when force of thought is displaced by cleverness, and transparent morality is defiled by mud.

It is a great blessing to have outgrown the restrictions which beset a struggling colony, set between the savages and the sea, and to share the spaciousness of a larger world; but may there not be more threatening perils awaiting a nation where life has become soft than were encountered among wild beasts or ambushed Indians? Is not the most conspicuous and alarming fact in the world today the disinclination either to think hard or to work hard, the limiting of output, the contempt of thrift, the slackening of restraint, and the softening of will? A youthful revolutionist wrote not long ago of "that Fetish called duty." The command of conscience looked to him too stern and hard, and he wanted a creed that was smiling and soft. Across the centuries, then, the Pilgrim still speaks his message of the stiffening of character through the practice of the presence of God. The Pilgrim morals rested on the Pilgrim faith,

and as one surveys the restlessness and recklessness of the world to-day it becomes evident that in nothing less than a revival of an uncomplicated and rational religious life is the redemption of that world likely to occur. An English visitor, surveying the shores of Plymouth Harbor, asked, "What can you raise on such sterile soil?" — and a self-respecting native answered, "We raise men!"

Such were the ideals which guided the Pilgrims, like fixed stars by which they might lay their course through the dark nights of their long voyage. Liberty for the individual, Democracy for the community, God for the world; a free citizenship, a government of the people, a faith in the Divine order of events: — a great adventure, indeed, it was, to follow these ideals across the sea; but not less adventurous must be the course of any nation which shall follow the same stars. Liberty must always mean risks, and may easily become license; Democracy must always involve blunders, and may easily be tempted to dictatorship; God must forever be mysterious, as though the stars were obscured by passing clouds. Yet the hope of the world is in loyalty to these ideals. The only remedy

for lawless freedom is that perfect law which is the law of liberty; the only deliverance from the errors of Democracy is in well-ordered Democracy; the only escape from a magical religion is in a rational religion, which shall simplify and spiritualize the idea of God. A liberty which is not lawlessness; a democracy which is not dictatorship; a religion which is not hard to find or to obey: — such are the conditions of permanence and peace in America. The same great moral adventure which drew the Pilgrims across the sea still challenges the courage of their descendants, to bear across a continent the message of the Pilgrim character:

"Go from the East to the West," it bids us, "as the sun and the stars direct thee.
Not for the gain of the gold, the getting, the hoarding, the having;
But for the joy of the deed, but for the duty to do;
With the great girdle of God, Go, and encompass the earth!"

XIII

A FINISHED LIFE

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER

I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. — JOHN 17:4.

AS one reflects on the life of Jesus, the first impression one is likely to receive is of the tragic prematureness of its end. Here was this great Teacher and Friend, only thirty years of age, in the fulness of his insight and leadership, with but three years of public ministry fulfilled, without any record made by himself of his intention or hope, with nothing, so far as we know, written by his own hand except as he "stooped down" one day and "with his finger wrote on the ground," with everything to live for, and the consciousness of his great mission clearly before his mind — and all this promise and potency cut short by a felon's death. What could be more tragically untimely than so early an end of so beautiful a life? But,

strangely enough, Jesus himself does not seem to feel any such sense of prematureness or incompleteness as he walks steadily to meet his fate. On the contrary, he moves through the days of his last week with the step of a tranquil conqueror, as though his work were completely done. At the beginning of his ministry he had said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work," and, at the end of his life, he says, "It is finished." "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." "My peace I leave with you." "It is expedient for you that I go away." "Let not your hearts be troubled."

This sense of completeness has become the happy tradition of the Christian world ever since. The life of Jesus, so abruptly cut short, has come to be the very symbol of the finished life. No one laments that Jesus did not live to old age, and write out his own Gospel, or amplify his own teaching of God and man. We speak of a Greek statue as a finished work of art, though it may be in itself only a mutilated fragment. It is the same with a character. It may be perfectly beautiful, though it be seen in a broken life. The cross of Jesus Christ, which would seem to be

a sign of untimely defeat, has become the sign of a timeless victory. "In this Sign, conquer," Constantine saw written on the clouds. "In the cross of Christ I glory," says the modern hymn. What seemed tragically incomplete was in fact a career in whose end one may glory. The Christian world repeats what Jesus said of himself; he had finished the work which was given him to do.

Here, then, one finds himself confronted by two distinct views of life, by opposite estimates of achievement or success. The one view sees life, as it were, in its length; the other sees it in its breadth. The one estimates life by quantity; the other by quality. Much of our time and strength is given to the prolonging of life. We eat and sleep, we work and play, to insure ourselves against the abbreviation of existence. But sometimes it may occur to us that, however inevitable and instinctive this desire for prolongation may be, it has little to do with the realities of living. "Better fifty years of Europe," said Tennyson, "than a cycle of Cathay." Better a few short years of initiative and efficiency, of breadth and quality in life, than any number of cycles of a passive, fruitless, inert,

existence. "He being made perfect in a short time," said the Book of Wisdom, "fulfilled a long time, and youth that is soon perfected condemns the many years of the unrighteous."

This was one of the most impressive truths which have been learned through the tragic experiences of the years of war. Those gallant youths who marched away on their great adventure had discovered that life might be complete, even though it must be short; that the secret of happy living was not in quantity, but in quality; that if any man wanted to follow Jesus Christ he must take up his own cross and carry it. And when it happened that such a youth, in the flower of his manhood, and with "the rays of dawn on his white shield of expectation," made the supreme sacrifice, did those who loved him find their sorrow harder to bear because of the prematureness of his end? On the contrary, there was in these stricken hearts the most extraordinary and beautiful sense of completeness in the sacrifice; an amazing fortitude and serenity which permitted them to say, "It is finished; he had finished the work which was given him to do." In the Widener Library at Harvard University there is a Reading-Room,

designed for the use of students, and dedicated to the memory of one young graduate who died for his country near Verdun; and over the fireplace is a symbolic decoration, under which are written these words from Plato: "Our life will have the noblest end which is vouchsafed to man, and should be glorified rather than lamented." That was the exalted spirit in which many a sacred memory is now enshrined. Those lives — which were in length so short — were none the less completed through their sacrifice, and should be glorified rather than lamented.

At this point, then, one meets the most searching and fundamental of problems. It is the problem of applying to life the right measurement of reality. For the obvious fact is, that one may live long, without its being of the slightest importance, either to himself or to any one else, whether he lives or dies. In fact, he may believe himself to be living when he is already dead. "To be carnally-minded," the Apostle Paul said, and said it with scientific precision, "*is* death, and to be spiritually-minded *is* life." What a curious thing it would be for one to die in old age and then make the discovery that he had really been

dead for fifty years! And, on the other hand, there is a kind of life which in its quality is quite detached from the chances and changes of the body, and has in it the permanent resources of indestructibility and power.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

It is interesting to remember that among the throng in Jerusalem during the last week of the life of Jesus, the two most conspicuous figures precisely illustrate this contrast. On the one hand is Jesus himself, the apparent victim of a cruel fate, dying in early manhood, the object of derision by his enemies and of desertion by his friends. On the other hand is Pilate, the Roman Governor, a cultivated gentleman, a dignified official, an Imperial favorite, regarding this petty case of disturbance among the Jews with indifference and contempt. Pilate was not consciously base or cruel in his judgment. He simply wanted to be rid of so troublesome an intrusion. It was, the story says, "early in the morning." The Governor was interrupted in the immediate business of his day. He wanted to get back to

his guests or his parchment scrolls. He had his report to the Emperor to write. "Take him away," he says of Jesus to the turbulent Jews; "I find no fault in him." Thus they face each other — the one who seems to keep his life, and the one who seems to lose it; and the victim speaks as though it were he that were on the judgment-seat, and Pilate that was condemned. "Thou sayest that I am a King," says Jesus: "Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." "What is truth?" answers jesting Pilate, and "would not stay for an answer." Back through his curtains goes Pilate to his life, and out to the mob goes Jesus to his death. Never did it seem plainer that life as prolongation had conquered life as consecration; that truth was, as ever, on the scaffold and wrong on the throne.

But what is the judgment of history on these two estimates of life? How astonished the courtly Pilate would be to know that the Nazarene Teacher had remained, after a score of centuries, the centre of affection and adoration for uncounted millions; while the very name of his judge, who then seemed so conspicuous, has been rescued from oblivion by nothing else than the fact that he happened

to stand one day face to face with Jesus Christ. The life that seemed prematurely cut short has become the Life of the Ages; the life which failed before its one great test, which found the truth uncomfortable, and washed its hands of sacrifice, has become — like many an indifferentist and looker-on ever since — responsible for a deed which it expressly attempted to evade, and remembered for a judgment of which it perhaps never thought again. Pilate lived on to make many other decisions which may have seemed more critical, but no prolongation of his years could make his life anything but a failure and a warning. Jesus passes from the judgment-seat to the cross, with the undisturbed and sustaining consciousness that his mission is fulfilled. The rational estimate of a justified life, that is to say, is not in its duration, but in its dedication. "The broken marble shows the Master's hand." The sustaining and satisfying ideal for any reasonable life is, not to accomplish all that it may dream, but to be able at last to say: "I have done, not what I hoped to do, but what Thou gavest me to do. It is finished. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

XIV

THE PRACTICE OF IMMORTALITY

AN EASTER SERMON

If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection from the dead. Not as though I had already attained, . . . but I am pressing on, to lay hold of the prize, for which also Christ has laid hold of me. — PHIL. 3: 11 (*tr. Weymouth*).

ONE of the most curious and persistent characteristics of Christian history is the inclination to transfer the great events of religious experience from the present to the future; from this life to another; from what is near and sure to what is remote or undetermined. When one recalls the great words of religion — Salvation, Redemption, Sanctification, Retribution, Judgment — they all seem to carry one over from this world to a future heaven or hell. Here one may sin and escape the penalty; there the retribution must be met. Here one may be saintly, yet suffer; there one may be sanctified and redeemed. Now there are undoubtedly, in the teaching of the New Testament, many

solemn warnings and illuminating hopes concerning the mystery of the future, but it is not less obvious that its main emphasis is on life as it now is, on character as it is here making, on experience as it must be here interpreted. "This day is salvation come to this house"; "Go thy way, thy faith hath saved thee"; "Now is the judgment of this world"; — such are the sayings which recur like *motifs* in the Gospel, to reiterate its dominant thought. It seems as if Jesus were constantly recalling his followers from a theology of the future to a religion of the present. It might be easy for them to concur in an opinion about some future Heaven or Hell; but it was by no means so easy for them to escape the hell of immediate remorse or win the heaven of present serenity and peace. They might have to learn that in this life one's whole body might be cast into Hell, or they might, even now, sanctify themselves for others' sakes.

The same fate has befallen the warnings and promises which make the theme of Easter Sunday. Life, Eternal Life, Immortality, Resurrection — all these majestic conceptions seem to invite one to the contemplation of that mysterious world which lies beyond

the grave; and the theologians and ecclesiastics of all the Christian centuries have applied themselves to classify and segregate the varied destinies of the human race. Heaven, Hell, Purgatory, Eternal Punishment, Second Probation — what confident prognostications and condemnations these words recall! With what assurance and audacity the fate of infants, the duration of suffering, and the occupation of the saints, have been affirmed and described! Harps and hymns, the beatific vision of the saved and the interminable tortures of the damned — all this has seemed overwhelmingly real to millions of souls; and has made the prevailing habit of mind that of other-worldliness, and the hope of a future blessedness the theme of Easter.

And it is, of course, true that the religion of Jesus Christ has a precious and solemn intimacy with the life beyond the grave. With reiterated emphasis Jesus proclaims his promise of permanence. "The righteous shall go into life eternal"; "He shall receive, in the world to come, life eternal." The very stability of the new religion rested on the assurance that the life of the Master was not extinguished by death. "It was not possible," his followers

said, "that he should be holden of it." "God hath raised up the Lord," said Paul, "and will also raise us up by his own power." Yet these anticipations of the future, with all the problems they suggest, of saints and sinners, of the body and the soul, are in the New Testament quite subordinate to another conviction which the Christian world has been slow to receive. It is the assurance that Eternal Life is, after all, not primarily a hope to be cherished for the future, but an acquisition to be attained in this present life; that the time to enter Eternity is now; that immortality is not a matter of duration, but a matter of vitality; not primarily a physical transition, but a moral awakening; not a matter of quantity but a matter of quality. "I saw Eternity the other night," wrote Henry Vaughan, the seventeenth-century mystic, reiterating the great saying of the Book of Ecclesiastes: "He hath set Eternity in their heart." "This *is* life eternal," says the Gospel, "that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent"; "Lay hold on eternal life"; "That ye may know that ye *have* eternal life"; "To be carnally minded *is* death, but to be spiritually minded *is* life";

"We know that we have passed out of death into life, because we love the brethren"; — such are the promises and warnings which mark the New Testament teaching. Finally, and with special definiteness, the Apostle Paul makes the humble confession of our text. He has not, he says, as yet reached the assurance of Eternity, but he is at least trying to grasp and hold that which already sustains him. "If by any means I may attain," he says, "unto the resurrection from the dead; not that I have already attained, but I am pressing on, to lay hold of the prize for which also Christ hath laid hold of me."

Here is a wholly different way of approach to the problem of immortality from that which engages speculative minds in their guesses about the future. It is a way which starts, not from anticipation, but from experience; not with an expectation of eternal life, but with an appropriation of it; not with Christ risen in one's creed, but with Christ risen in one's life; not with immortality as a future gift, but with immortality as a present acquisition. The Mediæval Carmelite, Brother Lawrence, in his "Conversations," made it "the best Rule of a Holy Life" to

"practice the presence of God." May it not be possible, as a similar rule of life, to practice the presence of Immortality? A "holy freedom," a "familiarity with God," Brother Lawrence said, makes His presence "natural to us." The same holy freedom and familiarity may rescue immortality from remoteness and contingencies, and make its presence habitual, intimate, natural, real. In short, the sublime, but dimly recognized, teaching of the New Testament is this, that the spiritual order of this world is set over against the sensuous order as a literal contrast between life and death. One may fancy himself, that is to say, alive and well, in the fulness of physical health, and yet, according to this teaching, he may be sick, even unto death. "This my son," said the father of the prodigal, not in a figure of speech but in literal truth, "was dead and is alive again." Eternal life, in other words, is not a matter of creed but a matter of character. "If ye be risen with Christ," Paul says, "seek those things which are above." The search for things which are above is the evidence that one has already risen with Christ.

What a surprising question, then, it is

which confronts any serious-minded worshipper on the morning of Easter Sunday! It is not primarily the question whether if one die he shall live again, but the much more elementary question whether he is living now. "Am I alive or am I dead," one should ask himself, "and if I am alive, how much alive am I?" Ruskin tells of a wreck on the California coast, where a passenger bound round his waist a belt filled with gold-pieces, with which he was later found at the bottom; and Ruskin asks, "Shall we say that, as that man was sinking, he had his gold, or shall we say that his gold had him?" The same question may be asked of one's life. Does one have his life or does his life have him? Does it drag him down, or does he lay hold of it as one lays hold of a life-preserver to hold him up? All other questions may for the moment wait. Precisely how the followers of Jesus Christ became convinced that his life continued, and that their lives were renewed in his; precisely how and where the lives we love maintain their continuity and personality;—all this remains profoundly interesting, and one may be irresistibly led to cry with Tennyson,

"Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be."

Yet these speculations and longings are not the primary evidence of religious faith. On the contrary, they may be signs of tremulous doubt rather than of confident hope. The first step toward faith is taken when, without delay, one enters on that way of life which has in it the possibility of permanence; when he makes what Newman called "The venture of faith"; and meets the festival of immortality, not as a day of speculation about the future, but as a day of self-scrutiny and renewal.

It must be admitted that something of a wrench of mind is necessary to turn from the thought of immortality as a cosmic problem to the thought of immortality as a way of life. The pomp and circumstance which surround Easter Sunday, the curious confusion of sacred memories and Spring fashions which confronts the worshipper, may seem to make self-examination and confession inappropriate and untimely. It is exhilarating to look back across the centuries and sing, "Christ is risen; Christ is risen"; but it strikes a much less

jubilant note to ask, "Am I risen with Christ? Have I attained unto the resurrection?" Yet this is in fact the primary question of the day, and this personal and momentous transition is not so strange or remote as it at first may appear.

A young man, for example, is unawakened in his intellectual life. He is threatened with mental atrophy and decline. It would be an exaggeration to say that his mind is alive. He may be robust in body, and athletic in habit, but, according to the New Testament, he is intellectually but half alive. His brain is an embryo; his mind is a jelly. Then, by the great grace of God, there comes some day a persuasion, a contagion, an access of vitality. A teacher, a book, a companion, an upleaping desire, wakes him and shakes him; and his mind springs to life, catches fire, is clarified in its purpose, and lays hold of that which has laid hold of him. Then the intellectual life of that youth is born. He has made the greatest possible discovery, the discovery of himself.

"'T is a new life," Coleridge said, "thoughts move not
as they did
With slow, uncertain steps across the mind;
In thronging haste, fast pressing on, they bid
The portals open to the viewless wind."

What is this process of self-discovery — which it is the supreme intention of a University to promote — but an intellectual resurrection? "This my student," says his watching teacher, "was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found."

The same resurrection of vitality may take more dramatic forms, and the new life be a moral rather than an intellectual transition. A young man's will wanders away into some far country of desire. He sets himself, as he says, to "see life," when he is in fact seeing death. He would fain fill his belly with husks that are fit for swine to eat. Then, by some revolution of the will, or searching of soul, or summons of duty, or persuasion of love, he comes, as the New Testament says, "to himself." It is a literal resurrection, and as he thus comes to himself he says, "I will arise and go to my Father." The new life brings with it a new religion. He has attained to a resurrection from the dead. He has laid hold of life because it has laid hold of him.

Such a resurrection may be even more comprehensive, and cover the entire nature of a hitherto undiscovered life. This, for example, was the experience of many lives during the

tragic years of war. Young men who had been immature, purposeless, or boyish, found themselves confronted by unprecedented demands for sacrifice or service, and rose from the death of their true selves to serve a cause much greater than themselves. They had been wondering whether the world had any place for such as they, and found within themselves a hitherto undiscovered capacity for self-effacing and sacrificial service. A young soldier told the whole story when he modestly wrote to his mother, "I greatly desire to come back alive, but that desire is for the present simply irrelevant." It was as though a nation, like an individual, could attain to its resurrection, and lay hold of a great cause which had laid hold on its conscience and will.

Such, in hasty outline, are indications of the Christian doctrine of eternal life. There is a kind of life, it affirms, which by its very nature is secure from the vicissitudes of the body, and partakes of the timelessness of God. The mind unreservedly dedicated to truth, the will determinately fixed on duty, the heart cleansed of self-seeking — these resolutions and desires, these acquisitions and

visions, detach one from the temporary, associate one with the permanent, and verify the great affirmation of the New Testament, "This is eternal life."

From this discovery of the meaning of life there follow two consequences, of the most momentous and immediate importance. In the first place, the recognition of eternal life as now and here opens the straight road to assurance of its continuity and perpetuation. There are many things about the future of the human soul which we do not know, and concerning which the speculations of philosophers and the dogmas of theologians may remain unconvincing. Even the extraordinary wave of eager desire for communication with the departed, and the confident acceptance of their messages, must seem to most minds inconclusive, and to some minds trivial. Whether tippings and rappings, shadowy forms, and fragmentary words, shall ever be detached from deception, and made the satisfying medium of beloved souls, is a problem of the most poignant interest; but at the best it is, for the present, a problem rather than a solution; a crack in the wall of death, rather than an open door. If consolations and revelations can

be derived from intermittent ejaculations or surprising coincidences, no open-minded inquirer can regard these happenings with indifference or contempt; and yet, after all that has been so seriously investigated and so confidently described, we are not brought much further than the confession made by Sir Thomas Browne in 1642: "A dialogue," he says, "between two infants in the womb, concerning the state of this world might handsomely illustrate our ignorance of the next."

Yet while this vast area of unexplored truth environs our experience, one rational conviction sustains and directs our faith. It is the assurance that, as Emerson summarized it, "What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent"; that a life which is not of the body is not involved in the fate of the body; that quality is the prophecy of quantity; that those who have attained to the resurrection here are the best witnesses of its continuity hereafter. In other words, the most convincing reason for one's faith in immortality comes of acquaintance with lives which do not seem likely to die. "Death," it was said of Jesus, "had no dominion over him." The life of the Master had become in the mind of his

followers so completely dissociated from the chances of the body that its continuance was the corollary of its character. As his word in the flesh had been with power, so, when that word was silenced, they lived by the power of his resurrection. Eternal life as a problem had been answered for them by eternal life as a fact. It was not the apparitions of his form which gave them faith in him; it was their faith in him which made them accept the apparitions.

And that, ever since, has been the convincing demonstration of the survival of the human soul. Through some experience of affection or reminiscence one has had intimacy with lives which had in them the quality of timelessness. It may have been the guileless charm of a little child, like the one whom Jesus set in the midst; or like Emerson's little son,

> "The gracious boy who doth adorn
> The world where unto he was born;
> And with his countenance repay
> The favor of the loving day."

It may have been the victory one has witnessed over circumstances in the struggles of maturity, or the serenity which in old age

casts out fear. Wherever these intimations of spiritual life have made the impression of reality and power, in one's home or one's community, in companionship, in history, in the remote yet undiminished influence of the character of Jesus Christ — there the fate of the body is seen to be incidental, and the revelation of the spirit becomes the prophecy of permanence. It may not be easy to picture the way in which such lives continue, but it is much more difficult to think of them as extinct. Intimacy with them has been contact with eternity. Memory of them recalls, as Wordsworth said:

> "Thoughts whose very nature yieldeth proof
> That they were born for immortality."

In such companionship one understands what the Apostle meant by that power of the endless life which had made him free from the law of sin and death. A life which is free from the law of sin and death lays hold of one's heart, and communicates the power of its endlessness and the assurance of its resurrection.

And if this be true — if the best evidence of eternal life as a problem is knowledge of it

as a fact; if, as we know what love is by loving, and what sight is by seeing, so we know what immortality is by seeing and loving a soul that is immortal — then there follows a second consequence which is not less reassuring. For this kind of life, this resurrection, not yet wholly attained, but already laid hold of, is what makes eternal life in the future not only real, but worth the having. When one contemplates a future life which is sheer duration, it is by no means certain whether it should be anticipated with hope or with fear. As the weariness of age supplants the buoyancy of youth, there is a growing inclination to welcome an end, a Nirvana of absorption in the infinite, a place in that choir invisible whose music is the gladness of the world. Why not sink gently down into nothingness, and be glad of the release? Immortality as duration, with all its perplexing problems of sin and its penalty, of punishment and retribution, while it may provide an inexhaustible theme for controversy, has not much to recommend it to tired mortals; and there is nothing in it of the New Testament note of vitality and power. But immortality as opportunity, life as an acquisi-

tion, eternal life to be first attained and then maintained — that transfers one to a wholly different view. "Not that I have already attained," one may humbly confess, "but I am pressing on, that I may lay hold of that which has already laid hold of me."

To believe that the purposes and desires which have so often been unfulfilled may have their chance of realization; to believe that the blunders and follies which cloud one's memory may be somehow, even if it be with suffering, redeemed; to believe that the shining witnesses of the spirit which have sustained one's courage in this life are gathered into the timeless service of a loving God, and that the power of the endless life is unspent in the incident of dying; to believe with the first disciples of Jesus that a life like his could not be holden of death, and that they might know they had themselves passed from death into life because they loved the brethren; — all this is to reach at last the New Testament way of approach to the mystery of the future. It begins at the near end of revelation, and contemplates an immortality which would be worth all that it might cost. Not all at once is this assurance to be attained among the

perplexities and discords of ordinary life. We are shut in by the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust of other things. The things which are seen seem real, and the things which are not seen seem visionary. But now and then — by the stern teachings of experience, by the tragic blows of fate, by companionship with lives unspotted from the world, by dedication of the will to the discipleship of Jesus Christ — the proportions of truth grow clearer, and reality emerges from illusion, and the sense of timelessness supplants the sense of temporariness; until continuity seems a natural end to character, and resurrection from the dead may be not only hoped for, but in some slight degree attained.

Among the teachings of Jesus, none is more reiterated or more undisguised than his warning that faith is not given outright, but must grow, and wait. "I am the Way," he said, "and the Truth, and the Life." First a way, and along the way more truth; and at the end of the way a more abundant life. So it is with the Christian doctrine of eternal life. First it is a way; and along the way it may become a truth; and then the truth in its

turn may turn out to be, not a dogma, but a life. First one must seek the things that are above, and then he may be risen with Christ. First one must come to his Father, and then the Father says, "This my son was dead and is alive again." First one must do the will, and then — and then only — he may know of the doctrine. The processes of faith are like those of Nature — progressive, expectant, anticipatory; yet trustworthy, cosmic, sure. One waits for assurance, as through cloudy days of lingering cold he waits for the tardy Spring; impatient, it may be, to see the blossoms, yet not unbelieving in the laws of God. For the storms and rains which retard the resurrection of Nature are all the while its patient instruments; and, under the same unerring law, the storms of life — yes, even its copious rain of tears — are the patient prophecy of a Springtime for the soul.

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